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PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE atrocious crimes which have been committed at Washington supersede for the moment in interest the military collapse of the Confederacy. No assassinations recorded in history have been perpetrated with more melodramatic success. The bigots who murdered HENRY III. and HENRY IV. of France were instantly arrested, and in recent times BELLINGHAM, after killing Mr. PERCEVAL, had not a single chance of escape. The criminal who murdered Mr. LINCOLN was allowed to pass out of a crowded theatre, and he had even the opportunity of addressing a prepared epigram to the audience. The assassin of Mr. SEWARD encountered with impunity even more extraordinary risks, for he ventured alone into a house where at least four able-bodied men attempted in vain to protect the principal victim, or to prevent the escape of the assassin. It is to be hoped that both ruffians will be brought to justice without delay, and it especially concerns the honour of the South that they find no asylum in any region which still owns the authority of the Confederate Government. The standard of civilized morality would be lowered if any nation or political body were capable of tolerating or protecting the perpetrators of a shameful series of murders. From the time of the legendary punishment inflicted by CAMILLUS on the traitor of Veii to the warning addressed by Mr. FOX to NAPOLEON, it has always been considered the duty of an honourable enemy to denounce and punish the private treachery and violence of volunteer allies. Some reckless partisans of the Federal cause in England, echoing the unjustifiable insinuation of Mr. STANTON, are already eager to propagate the opinion that BOOTH and his accomplice were the instruments of a Southern conspiracy—an imputation which Mr. MASON has taken the earliest opportunity to deny with indignation, not unsupported by probable argument. In this instance, as in many others, philanthropic prepossessions remove all obstacles of conscience which might impede the full indulgence of passionate malignity.

Sudden and violent death, although it shocks the survivors, is happily not in itself an evil. Mr. LINCOLN may almost be deemed fortunate in the brilliant hopefulness of the moments which proved to be his last. The greatest general of the Confederacy had surrendered a few days before with the remnant of one of the bravest armies which have ever resisted superior force. There was every reason to believe that the reconquest of Virginia was but a step to the complete re-establishment of the Union. Mr. LINCOLN in his latest speech proposed a plan for restoring civil government which was apparently both impracticable and unjust, but he had good reason to believe that the overthrow of the Southern armies was a death-blow to Secession. Although he had at the same time issued a proclamation which gave just cause of offence to neutral Governments, there is no reason to suppose that he meditated aggression on any foreign country. According to Mr. STANTON's statement, Mr. LINCOLN had been unusually cheerful at a meeting of the Cabinet on the morning of the murder, and it may readily be believed that he expressed kindly feelings to General LEE, and to some other Southern leaders. General GRANT, who is said to have been included in the plans of the assassin, had fortunately left Washington on the same day, after sharing in the deliberations of the Cabinet. The PRESIDENT might well be satisfied with the conduct and fortune of the Commander-in-Chief, and he probably approved of the courteous firmness which had been displayed in the recent military negotiations. It was after consultation with General GRANT that the Government had determined to suspend recruiting, and to effect vast and rapid reductions in the naval and military establishments. It is certain that, in the opinion of those who are best qualified to judge, the war was nearly over; nor is it likely that, if ordinary prudence is exercised, the death of Mr.

LINCOLN will seriously interfere with the restoration of peace. The worst consequence which could follow from an isolated crime would be the possible embitterment of Northern feeling, and the consequent infliction of outrage and indignity on a population which may perhaps be wavering between pride and submission. It is for the interest of all parties that the assassins should be regarded as individual malefactors, and the theatrical ejaculation of the murderer of Mr. LINCOLN suggests a suspicion that the act was in some degree suggested by morbid vanity. In America, as well as in England, reckless agitators will endeavour to impute the crime to the hated slaveholders, and perhaps to Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS himself. To some minds it is agreeable to heap contumely on the head of a defeated adversary, and to render quarrels irreconcilable when they seem likely to die out prematurely. If, however, the Federal Government acts with prudence and firmness, the catastrophe which has occurred will neither suspend the movement of the armies nor materially affect public policy.

Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, who has unexpectedly succeeded to the Presidency, will now have an opportunity of effacing some doubtful associations of his previous career. There can be no doubt that he possesses extraordinary vigour of character, and some of his defects are those of a self-educated and self-made man. Without the possession of remarkable qualities he could not have raised himself from the lowest condition to the rank of Democratic Senator for the Slave State of Tennessee. One of his claims to the confidence of his fellow-citizens consisted in his violent partisanship, and in his consistent support of all plans for extending slavery. He advocated the spoliation of Texas, the unprovoked war against Mexico, and the audacious project of annexing Cuba as a security against the possible abolition of slavery by the Spanish Government. On one vital point, however, he differed from his political associates, as he steadily preferred the maintenance of the Union even to the interests of slavery. At the commencement of the Secession he declared his uncompromising hostility to the project of separation, and he not unfairly earned the office of Military Governor of that portion of the State which was from time to time controlled by the Federal arms. Mr. JOHNSON is believed to have displayed considerable ability in providing supplies for the army, and as Governor he was remarkable for unhesitating and unscrupulous devotion to the interests of the Union. Even Americans, who habitually tolerate lawlessness as long as it promotes the will of the majority, were scandalized by Mr. JOHNSON's daring attempt to carry the vote of Tennessee for Mr. LINCOLN and himself, by imposing an elaborate test of his own construction on those who sought to take part in the election. As the suffrage of the State was not required to secure the necessary majority, Congress thought it better to omit Tennessee in counting up the Presidential votes. In the meantime, Mr. JOHNSON had been rewarded for his preference of the Union to his party and his State by the high sinecure office of Vice-President, involving a contingent succession to the head of the Republic. The belief that primary allegiance was due to the State, rather than to the Federation, had been almost universal in the South. Many of the most eminent leaders of the Confederacy openly disapproved of secession, and it is known that General LEE himself considered the measure unnecessary; but private opinions were overruled by the State loyalty which was deemed by the great majority of Americans a primary duty. Native and foreign theorists have of late affected to regard a State as only an exaggerated county, but their glib generalizations have been confuted by the self-sacrificing unanimity of Senators, Representatives, Governors, and officers in the army and navy, in following the fortunes of their Sovereign States in defiance of the rival sovereignty of Washington. Mr. JOHNSON's opposite course may

probably have been conscientious, and it was sufficiently exceptional to deserve official and popular recognition. The more objectionable passages of his career will be readily condoned if he learns in his great office to respect the rights of his own countrymen and of foreign Governments. Americans have a characteristic facility in adapting themselves to new situations, and Mr. JOHNSON's interests are so absolutely coincident with his duty that he may perhaps still earn for himself an honourable place in history. His immediate course is sufficiently marked out by circumstances, and he is surrounded by able commanders who may be trusted with the remaining conduct of the war. Although the outrage inflicted on Mr. SEWARD provokes universal indignation and regret, it will not be difficult to find a more judicious Secretary of the State Department. If the rumour that Mr. ADAMS has been selected for the place is confirmed, one pledge will have been given for the adoption of a prudent and dignified policy.

Mr. LINCOLN, though he committed many mistakes, so far exceeded the anticipation of friends and enemies that his character may perhaps hereafter serve as an argument in favour of the American practice of selecting high functionaries at random. He was made President because he had attained local notoriety by the exercise of moderate ability, and his honesty was taken for granted. During the arduous experience of four years he constantly rose in general estimation by calmness of temper, by an intuitively logical appreciation of the character of the conflict, and by undisputed sincerity. Above all, he showed that he was capable of learning from his own errors and from the course of events. Having contributed largely to the failure of the campaign of 1862 by his distrust of McCLELLAN, he had the wisdom, during the final advance upon Richmond, to repose unlimited confidence in GRANT. Of the bearing of slavery on the war he had from the first formed the opinion which became a constitutional ruler. As he said at an early period of the contest, he would have preserved slavery, or destroyed it, or let it alone, if by any of these methods he could have restored the Union. At the beginning of 1863 he issued the Emancipation decree which looked like a crime, and proved to be only a manifesto. If it had become operative in those unconquered portions of the South to which it was exclusively applicable, Mr. LINCOLN would have been justly condemned as the author of an intolerable servile revolution. As the slaves remained tranquil, the proclamation served the useful and harmless purpose of advertising an inevitable change in the policy and object of the war. The enlistment of negroes was a more practical step in the same direction, and ultimately the PRESIDENT found himself strong enough to make emancipation an indispensable condition of peace. Among Mr. LINCOLN's merits may be reckoned his want of the national fluency in speech and writing. He was seldom tempted to commit himself to the vapouring professions of his Ministers and political supporters. He allowed Mr. SEWARD to bluster to foreign Governments, but he never blustered himself. Friendly observers assert, perhaps correctly, that, as Mr. LINCOLN was the only apparently honest man in Washington, he was also exceptionally determined to preserve peace, notwithstanding the menaces of his subordinates. On the whole, he satisfied the requirements of a difficult position better than any rival who could be suggested. When he was re-elected by a large majority, the choice of the Republican party was generally approved at home and abroad; and if the people of England had shared in the election, the result would probably have been the same. Mr. LINCOLN's good qualities cannot add to the horror which is felt at the murder, but they justify the general regret.

THE BUDGET.

MR. GLADSTONE produced on Thursday one of his pleasantest Budgets, but he has made many better speeches. His financial statements have generally been works of rhetorical art, with the additional attraction of an interesting secret carefully reserved to the close. On the present occasion, probably by some indiscretion of his colleagues, the mystery had been disclosed in a morning paper, and while Mr. GLADSTONE was apparently straining the curiosity of the audience, it was well known that the Tea duty was to be reduced by sixpence, and the Income-tax by twopence. The late division on Mr. SHERIDAN's motion had previously secured a reduction of the duty on Fire Insurance, and probably it would have been more advantageous to the revenue, as well as more beneficial to the insurer, to have complied still more

liberally with the expressed wish of the House. It is difficult to understand why Mr. GLADSTONE should have digressed into a vindication of the French financial system, and indulged in a fantastical explanation of the remarkable growth of French commerce. Large stores of miscellaneous knowledge, and extraordinary skill in exposition, apparently offer an irresistible temptation to wander from the immediate subject. The House of Commons wished to understand the financial condition of the country, and not to receive instruction on collateral topics. It was not even worth while to devote nearly half a Budget speech to an elaborate defence of the Malt duty, especially as sound arguments against a reduction of the tax were qualified and weakened by a not inconsiderable admixture of sophistry. Probably Mr. GLADSTONE had been prepared to reply in detail to Sir F. KELLY and to Sir E. B. LYTTON, although he was unwillingly compelled at the time to leave the defence of the Government to Mr. MILNER GIBSON. So ingenious a speech was too good to be suppressed, and consequently it forms a disproportionate part of the financial statement. It was not altogether judicious to rely on the positive statistics of the malt and beer trade, as in the boast that the people of England consume, under existing difficulties, forty million pounds' worth of beer. Similar arguments might be used in favour of a tax on any article in general use, and the consumer might reply that, on Mr. GLADSTONE's own showing, he paid 8,000,000*l.* as his contribution to the revenue. It was more to the purpose to show that 2,000,000*l.* or 3,000,000*l.* must be surrendered to ensure a reduction of a farthing a pot in the retail price of beer, especially as the fractional saving would be necessarily intercepted by the vendor of a glass, a pint, and probably of a quart. The calculation of the probable loss to the revenue by the competition of cheaper beer with wines and spirits suggests inferences which would not suit Mr. GLADSTONE's immediate purpose. Tea also competes with beer, if not with gin, and a reduction in the price obviously tends to reduce the amount of the receipts from coffee.

It is an agreeable duty, to give away four millions sterling. On the whole, the proposals of the Government appear to be sound, especially in the large percentage which is conceded to the consumer of tea. Former experience proves that the retail purchaser will profit by the whole amount of the reduction, and scarcely any commodity possesses equally elastic capabilities of consumption. Every household in the middle and poorer classes will feel the advantage of the change, partly in a saving of expenditure, but principally perhaps in the use of more, or of stronger, tea. The productiveness of the Customs' duty on sugar will be simultaneously increased, although it is, unfortunately, not in Mr. GLADSTONE's power to cheapen milk and cream. Of the 2,300,000*l.* which will be remitted to the taxpayer, at least one-half will probably be replaced in three or four years, and a certain increase may perhaps also be produced in other branches of the revenue. The reduction of the Income-tax from sixpence to fourpence in the pound is also in itself expedient, but it would have been better if the remission had been distributed over two successive years. With 1,300,000*l.* at his disposal, Mr. GLADSTONE might have removed more serious grievances than the trifling stamp duties which supplied him with a characteristic overture to his speech, or rather with a tuning of his instruments. It seems that he has at last discovered that the mileage duty prevents travellers of moderate means from passing from place to place, and that it renders hundreds of roadside railway stations comparatively useless to passengers. He will probably not hereafter adopt the proposal of the *Times* by granting a special exemption to vehicles plying at stations, as it will occur to a thoughtful mind that, while some people wish to get from the railway to their homes or destinations, others may conversely desire to get from a village five miles off to the station. A small fraction of the second penny in the pound, applied to the posthorse license, would have done more than any other measure to facilitate the locomotion which Mr. GLADSTONE properly included among the chief elements of public prosperity. With the remainder of the sum he might have put an end to the agitation for the reduction of the duty on Fire Insurance; and he could entertain little doubt that a continuance of peace and prosperity would enable the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in 1866 to reduce the Income-tax to the moderate and convenient rate of fourpence. As Mr. GLADSTONE was at leisure to applaud the admirable mode of framing French budgets, which no Frenchman or foreigner can understand, and as he also gratuitously explained the bearing of NAPOLEON's later wars on the commercial prosperity of his country, it might perhaps

have been expected that he should tell the House of Commons his real opinion of the merits and probable permanence of the Income-tax. As usual, he referred to a pledge which he supposes himself to be thought to have given in 1853, that the tax should be finally abolished in 1860. Instead of acknowledging or repudiating an engagement which is in itself imaginary or immaterial, Mr. GLADSTONE confesses and avoids his undertaking by a reference to the considerable increase of expenditure in the course of twelve years. It would be more interesting to ascertain whether the Minister who has the largest power of adjusting the national finances thinks that direct taxation on incomes ought to be eventually abolished. At the rate of fourpence in the pound, the tax will soon produce six millions a year, and no other part of the revenue is collected more cheaply or with so little disturbance to trade and consumption. Although all taxes, after a time, tend to adjust themselves to a comparatively equitable mode of distribution, the immediate or original taxpayer always bears somewhat more than his share of the burden. As the poorer classes necessarily pay a large proportion of the total receipts from tea, from coffee, from sugar, from malt, and from spirits, it seems not unreasonable that a special burden of moderate amount should be imposed on the owners of property and the recipients of incomes over 100*l.* a year. That the possessor of 3,000*l.* a year should pay 50*l.* a year to the State appears not unreasonable or excessive. The evasions of duty, which are, as Mr. MILL observes, a scandal to the country, will perhaps be mitigated when the temptation to fraud is so largely diminished. Only ten years ago the Income-tax was fifteen pence in the pound, and the dishonest trader was consequently almost four times as much excused by his indulgent conscience. It is highly desirable that the rate should, if possible, be perpetuated, especially as time is required to equalize the burden on incomes of various durations. Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly right in not encumbering himself with fresh promises; but he would have done well to state the present result of his numerous changes of opinion on the subject.

The principal fault of the Budget is that the estimated surplus is too small. Both the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the House of Commons rely with natural confidence on the continued growth of the revenue, which is said to expand at the satisfactory rate of 1,700,000*l.* a year; but part of the probable increase had been already included in Mr. GLADSTONE's estimate, and it is imprudent not to take into account the possible contingency of some public embarrassment or disaster. Above all, it is desirable, in a season of unexampled prosperity, to make some serious effort for the reduction of the debt. In one part of his multifarious speech, Mr. GLADSTONE observed with much truth that an average reduction of 3,000,000*l.* a year was not to be regarded with complacency or pride. In the course of last year he has had the good fortune of paying off 4,000,000*l.*, but it is scarcely probable that he will be able to repeat the operation. The country would not submit to any large amount of taxation for the express purpose of forming a sinking fund; and indeed it may be plausibly argued that the money would be more advantageously invested by the taxpayer than by the Government, which could only relieve itself of a charge of about 3½ per cent. Nevertheless, a Finance Minister ought to take care that the process of reduction is never interrupted in time of peace. Half a million of estimated surplus generally ensures a balance of four or five times that amount, which will be applicable to the payment of debt. A quarter of a million forms an insufficient margin; and it must not be forgotten that during his present tenure of office Mr. GLADSTONE has twice been embarrassed by a deficit. In the present year there will fortunately be none of the clippings and parings which have sometimes been caused by the rejection of fanciful little taxes on clubs, on vans, or on private brewing. The House of Commons will undoubtedly pass the Budget as it stands, and, in the absence of other means of information, it will rely on Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that his minute proposals about conveyances and small tenements will leave the revenue as they found it, by securing the payment of a penny in cases where a shilling was imposed by law, but not practically paid. Notwithstanding the merits of French financial forms, there is a certain advantage in an intelligible Budget, especially when it is founded on a surplus.

THE DEATH OF THE CZAREWITCH.

NO doubt there is something in the early death of princes which, though it does not address the severer logical faculties, makes, as it ought to make, a strong impression on

our common sympathies and on the better part of our sentimental nature. Crowns do not bring happiness to their wearers, but so long as human nature attaches the notion of exceptional fortune to power, wealth, imperial station, and unbounded opportunities of conferring good upon vast nations, a prince's lot will always be reckoned a happy one. The very prospect of usefulness is pleasanter than the disenchanting experience of life, which generally reads to princes, as it does to their subjects, the old lesson that kings are seldom willing, and more frequently unable, to fulfil the bright promises which they have made to themselves. History presents innumerable instances of heirs to a Royal House on whom the hopes of the world were fixed. By a happy illusion the morning star is always bright in its rising, and the virtues of those born to the purple are generally dwelt upon with fondness, if not with partiality, by contemporaries. Cynicism has often assured us that the reason why the BLACK PRINCE, and Prince ARTHUR, and Prince HENRY were such national favourites was partly because their Sovereign parents were so unpopular, and partly because the spring-blossoms were never submitted to the chilling blasts which blow around a throne. It may be so; but the prophecy that augured so much good, which was never fulfilled, is at least as trustworthy as the sinister auguries which bid us always distrust the early promise of princely youth. At any rate, it costs but little in the way of reason, while it is a graceful and cheap expenditure of natural emotion, to see in the death of the young and powerful a subject for universal sympathy. Every school-boy will remember, as the death of the eldest son of the Eastern CÆSAR is announced, the splendid burst of courtly eloquence which hung the immortal flowers of poetry on the early lost MARCELLUS:—

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent . . .
Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.

It may be that the young CZAREWITCH did not greatly exceed the usual promise of heirs-apparent, but there is much that is touching to us all in the special circumstances of his early removal. The world is admitted into that family circle in which we find that Emperors are men of like passions, loves, and sorrows with ourselves. The CZAREWITCH, seeking health and that larger education among men which Royalty has learned to be the best training for empire, has met death in a foreign land. This is the very same sad experience of life which many an English household has had to meet, and perhaps for years to anticipate. Hereditary disease or the rigour of our own climate compels us to send our sons and daughters to sunny lands where, after all, even climate cannot cure, and we have to hasten to the death-bed or to the tomb of those who have been taken away from us among strangers. The comfort of being surrounded by his family, and consoled by the presence of one who was even dearer than parents, was not denied to the CZAREWITCH; but these circumstances of the death-bed at Nice are precisely those which address themselves very touchingly to our English estimate of family life. It has long been the rule in the Imperial family of Russia to allow the sons and daughters of the Throne to consult their own inclinations in marriage, and the choice made by the CZAREWITCH of the Princess DAGMAR, while it could hardly have been dictated by dynastic considerations, pleasantly realized the common poetry of life. It is impossible not to feel the deepest sympathy, in her hour of sorrow, with the fair PRINCESS, who was something of a personal favourite with the English people, as well as with the EMPEROR himself.

But there were really solid considerations which—unless the CZAREWITCH were below, as he is represented to have been above, the average of princes—may reasonably have contributed to give his future rule over Russia abundant promise. First, he was well educated, and he had before him the stern but useful warning of the failure of the ambition of NICHOLAS, and the equally impressive lesson of the difficulties which attend the execution of the philanthropic plans of his father. Russia has had much to unlearn, as she has still much to learn; and the difficulties of State policy must present themselves with extraordinary distinctness to one who has such opportunities of observation as an heir-apparent. To revive the energies of a proud people broken by disasters; to develop the natural resources of the immense regions which constitute the unwieldy and incoherent mass of an empire partly barbarous, and partly only skinned over by a superficial glaze of civilization; to adjust the relations of classes, some of which are scarcely fitted to enjoy political liberty, while others are certainly unable to exercise, with justice either to themselves

or others, the decaying powers of an obsolete and anomalous feudalism—these are the duties of a Russian Emperor. It is something to have an opportunity of surveying such a problem with an interest at once direct and personal, and yet unencumbered with an immediate share in solving it. What Russia has to do, and to do apparently in a single reign, is what Europe slowly and with such difficulty has scarcely accomplished in some ten centuries. In our day events march with more than mediæval rapidity; and just as in a long train the last carriages swing with an increased and dangerous oscillation, the nations which have lagged behind in the sweep and swing of progress must experience more than their share of the dangers of the pace at which the world is now travelling. Nor can Russia have a single or homogeneous policy. Her rulers must be able, as they have always shown themselves to be willing, to take a front place in the common councils of civilized Christendom; and yet they must at the same time remember that they are also chiefs of nomad tribes, and exercise an authority which, in the dark places of Asia, can scarcely be advanced above what was necessary for the Tartars of a thousand years ago. To create native industry, to develop a mercantile class, to curb the power of a nobility which has as often been the terror as the support of the Russian throne—these are no light tasks; while in the ecclesiastical future of Russia there remains a solitary and exceptional difficulty which must some day come into prominence. The Czar is *mixta persona*. His rule is at least semi-theocratic, and he presents to Western wonder the last instance of that curious phase of the Oriental mind which discovered the necessity to the same Empire of a temporal and spiritual Sovereign. To fuse the two authorities in Russia was a bold, but from the nature of the case it can only be a temporary, expedient; and the double character which a Czar holds he seems to be equally unable to retain or to resign. But light must sooner or later pierce the darkness of Oriental Christianity; and if the future revolutions of Russia, either in Church or State, shall turn out to be peaceful, they will present a new form of the history of the East.

There is, however, one special hope for Russia, which must have strongly presented itself to another Imperial ruler who, in this hour of affliction, rendered some personal services to the Emperor ALEXANDER. The future of Russia and the future of France are likely to be different enough, though there are points of contact, or at least lines of parallel, in what must be the policy of the two Emperors. Both ALEXANDER and NAPOLEON have set themselves a political task. The ruler of the Tuileries has a special mission conferred on him by fate, or his star, or by whatever metaphorical nonsense he chooses to call Napoleonic ambition; and the inheritor of the Empire of the East is the semi-sacerdotal vicegerent of Heaven, who is entrusted with the care of the happiness of more millions and a larger stretch of territory than ever before submitted to the sceptre of a single man. How to do this divine work imposed by Providence, and how to carry it out by the ordinary and mundane machinery of statecraft, or liberal institutions, or by mere personal authority, is the difficulty which must present itself to either CÆSAR. And each knows very well that, after giving all due weight to metaphors, it all means that everything depends on the will of one man. But in Russia there is the certainty of a long succession of divine tools; if one is broken, there are a dozen more. There is in the House of ROMANOFF either an AMURATH or a HARRY for the AMURATH or HARRY that snaps asunder. It is not so in France. On a single life depends the French Empire. The religious piety which, as a matter of faith, takes a NICHOLAS or an ALEXANDER for the NICHOLAS or ALEXANDER who went before is altogether wanting in France. Even if, as proud Marshals rodomontade, the Empire is never to die, the succession of a Prince Imperial with awkward cousins in the background is by no means so well assured as the ordinary series of Czarevitchs. It would be only natural for the Emperor NAPOLEON to forecast—though we trust it will never be his lot—what would be his own personal sorrow were the sad spectacle of Nice to be repeated in his own household; but to such an acute observer the long array of Russian Princes

Who two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry

must have suggested that there is a vast difference between the future of Russia and the future of France, or rather between the chances of the permanence of the existing State policies of France and Russia.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

MR. McCULLOCH, in his recently published financial manifesto, describes the position of his country by a simile which is not the less forcible for being rather coarse. "It is," he observes, "among those whose habits of indulgence lead them into protracted excesses, that sobering off rapidly is a dangerous experiment, but, dangerous as it may be, it is preferable to continued intoxication." After the debauch, too, comes the reckoning, and it is well that the Americans, in their flush of military triumph, have one Minister honest and plain-spoken enough to remind them of the trials which inevitably follow even successful war. It is too early yet to form any very exact estimate of the financial burden which the United States will have to bear when all outstanding reckonings are brought to account, and all arrears paid up. The amount of ascertained debt is admitted to be 370,000,000*l.*, independently of the paper currency of more than 100,000,000*l.*, some considerable portion of which must be funded if Mr. McCULLOCH is to carry out his laudable determination to restore specie payments. Before the currency and finance of America can be placed once more on a sound foundation, it is a moderate estimate to assume that the national debt will be nearer 500,000,000*l.* than 400,000,000*l.*, and it becomes a serious question whether the burden will not be thought too heavy to be borne by a people who are supposed to be not insensible to the convenience and comfort of repudiation. In England the number of those who would suffer by the application of the sponge, of which some American journals speak with no apparent shame, would not be large, and even the German holders of Federal bonds have a much smaller stake than the capitalists of New York and Boston. It is by no means certain that Europe, as a whole, would not gain more by the repudiation than by the honest payment of the huge debt which the Washington Government has accumulated in the last four years. The real loss, both public and private, would fall upon America and her own citizens, and this is probably sufficiently well understood by a financier as rational as Mr. McCULLOCH appears to be, to ensure at least a vigorous effort to meet the interest, if not to reduce the principal, of the Federal debt. Whatever irregularities may have been heretofore committed by particular States both in the Northern and Southern sections, the Washington Government has always prided itself on the good faith which it has kept with the public creditor. And though the habit of honesty was acquired when the duty was extremely easy, the satisfaction of maintaining a high character on every Exchange, and the solid advantage of good credit for the purpose of future enterprises, will probably continue to influence the Federal authorities, unless the effort should prove too great even for the vast resources and powers of endurance which the American people have shown themselves to possess. If it should be found practicable by any means to meet the interest of the debt out of annual revenue, it may be assumed that the attempt will be made, and perhaps sustained; but, as the whole value of a financial character depends on its being stainless, the first unavoidable default in payment would probably be the signal for repudiation on the same grand scale on which all the military and financial feats of the last four years have been planned.

Whether it is within the capabilities of the United States to bear the weight of a debt of 500,000,000*l.* is a question not very easy to answer. If past experience is any guide, we may assume that the annual charge would be at least equal to that borne by Great Britain, the excess in the capital of our debt not being more than enough to counterbalance the difference in the rates of interest on English and American securities. The interest at present payable on Federal bonds—namely, 6 per cent. on the gold-bearing securities, and 7½ on those payable in greenbacks—does not, it is true, afford a fair test of what the annual charge is likely to be. A skilful financier can always manage to reduce the interest on an existing debt to the rate which measures the credit of his country for the time being, and it is not improbable that, after a few years of honest finance, the old standard of about 5 per cent. might offer sufficient inducement to investors in Federal bonds; yet even on this assumption it may be doubted whether a country which is far from being as rich or as patient as England will be able or willing to bear at least an equal charge. The first year after the war will try both the financial and political strength and wisdom of the country more severely than the most gigantic of its efforts during the struggle. One of two things must happen. Either the public expenditure will continue for a time on a scale so large as to necessitate further loans, or else the sudden cessation of Government

demand in the markets will bring on the commercial crisis which is already dreaded in New York and Pennsylvania. In the one case, the debt will grow faster than it can possibly be met by revenue; in the other, the people will not be in a mood to submit to the increase of taxation which alone can avert national insolvency. Whether this time of difficulty can be safely tided over will depend mainly on the complexion of political affairs. If fresh enterprises should be undertaken as the only escape from depression and embarrassment, the ultimate fate of the debt will be decided; and if it were possible to reckon upon the permanence of the remains of the existing Washington Cabinet, it would be some guarantee for a pacific policy that the Treasury is under the control of a Minister who seems to be aware that even American resources have their limits, and that the existing debt is sufficient to tax them to the utmost. In any event, indeed, the debt is a pledge of future, if not of immediate, peace. The sacrifices required to keep faith with the public creditor must tend to foster the conviction, so profoundly felt in England, that war is a pastime to be avoided as far as possible; while repudiation would cripple the means, quite as much as punctual payment would diminish the desire, of fresh hostilities. In one respect, the whole world would perhaps profit by the non-payment of the Federal obligations. The debt, so long as it is acknowledged, will prevent the American tariff from ever falling below the point of maximum productiveness. At present, under the influence of the manufacturing interests, this limit has been in some respects exceeded; but the amount of protection afforded even by a maximum revenue tariff will be quite enough to prevent the trade of Europe with the Atlantic ports from resuming its old importance. The effect upon the internal constitution of the United States, or what may be left of it, will not be less striking than that produced on its foreign commerce. It is quite impossible that a central Government, collecting a revenue equal to that of a first-rate European Monarchy, can ever be brought back to any resemblance to the old Federal Power which could not impose a single tax except the duties which it levied at the sea-board. Internal assessments, in every possible shape, must be a permanent part of the Federal system of taxation, unless all hope of sustaining the national credit is to be abandoned; and the power which controls all the taxation of a continent is scarcely likely to leave much vitality in any of its component States. A huge centralized Republic, or Empire, with a Protectionist tariff and a heavily-taxed people, is what the United States promise to become if they resolve to live in credit and pay their debts. The alternative of financial discredit, combined with a freer trade and lighter taxation, may not be without its attractions; but it would cripple for many years the aggressive power which is worshipped in the United States beyond every other national attribute.

If Mr. McCulloch's policy were as certainly practicable as it is theoretically simple and sound, it would be impossible to take exception to it. A resolution to pay his way honestly, and to reduce the inflated currency gradually, but firmly, to a specie standard, is admirable both in morality and in prudence; but it needs all the hopefulness which Mr. McCulloch expresses to believe in the possibility of such a feat. More than the revenues at present raised would be essential for the purpose, even if the greater part of the land and sea forces should be at once disbanded, and, in the face of recent events, there seems little prospect of such a result. Perhaps no nation was ever so heavily taxed as not to leave some new subject for the skill of an ingenious financier, but it is really very difficult to imagine from what resource Mr. McCulloch is to draw any further supplies. The tariff has long since been raised beyond its most productive level, and some additional revenue may be obtained by reducing the purely protectionist portion of the impost. That the Minister would not be reluctant to take this course is tolerably evident from the terms of his letter to Mr. Carey; but it is doubtful whether the revenue thus recovered will repay the Government for the deadly opposition which the Pennsylvanians will offer to any Cabinet which may be suspected of the slightest taint of free trade. If little is to be done with the Customs, the Excise duties are almost equally exhausted; and an Income-tax sufficient to meet all the wants of the American Government would be a load too oppressive for a much more submissive people to endure. The whole history of the war has taught us that the energy and persistence of the Americans had been greatly underrated by European critics; but the determination which sufficed for four years of carnage may perhaps break down under the more prosaic trial of intolerable taxation.

Except among a certain class of newspaper writers, we do not believe that the idea of repudiation has yet been welcomed. But the best resolutions will give way in the face of impossibilities; and the ways and means for paying the existing debt seem to rest at present in the hopeful breast of the Minister of Finance.

THE ROAD MURDER.

ALL the commonplaces about punishment, with unflinching slow step, at last arresting crime, and illustrating the convenient (however false) popular saying that "murder will out," are sure to be quoted, as though they amounted to a certain truth, now that the tragic mystery which has made the village of Road infamous seems likely to be cleared up. CONSTANCE KENT, the half-sister of the murdered infant, has, after concealing her terrible secret for nearly five years, made a voluntary confession of guilt which is deficient in no credentials of truth. In the long and tedious investigations which took place at the time of the murder, such trifling evidence as was in existence pointed itself with most force, in the judgment of lawyers, against this young person. It was proved almost to an absolute certainty that the crime could only have been committed by an inmate of the house in which it was perpetrated. Official suspicion at first divided itself about equally when it charged the crime on ELIZABETH GOUGH, the nursery-maid—in whose very presence the murder must have been committed, or from whose presence the infant must have been removed in order to be murdered—and on CONSTANCE KENT. Twice was GOUGH arrested on suspicion, and once CONSTANCE KENT was officially charged with the crime. The amount of direct proof was, however, so slight, that in each case the charge was dismissed. Still, what legal evidence there was tended more to inculpate the sister than the nurse. It was proved that she had surreptitiously abstracted her nightgown worn on the night of the murder from the weekly bundle of linen prepared for the laundress. And some amount of motive was suggested. The girl CONSTANCE, then only a child of sixteen, was known to be jealous of the children of the second marriage; and on one occasion—in resentment for some domestic slight, real or fancied—she had run away from home disguised in boy's clothes, and in company with a younger brother. Other wild rumours, founded chiefly on the usual loose village scandal, scarcely presented sufficient solidity to divert legal attention from the nurse and sister; but, as far as we can recall the vague popular talk of the time, the general balance of unskilled and public suspicion was rather against the father, while, as regarded CONSTANCE KENT—although the detectives made from the first little secret of their strong suspicions, amounting almost to certainty, against her—it pleased the general sentiment, in spite of the only evidence which existed, entirely to exonerate this interesting young lady. One so young and so fair, and who had so well stood the painful position first of a witness in the charge against the nurse, and then of a principal in her own case, could not possibly be guilty. It is superfluous to recall all the circumstances of the investigation, which were diversified by one of the foolish self-accusations of a drunken fool, the result of which was, however, to increase popular opinion against Mr. KENT. Indeed, it was not a single inquiry; for two or three almost extra-judicial investigations were held apart from the Coroner's inquest. Mr. KENT not very unreasonably refused at first to recognise these proceedings, and the last stage of the matter was an application to the Courts at Westminster—which, however, failed—to quash the original inquest. Here the whole matter ended; but the proverbial nine days' wonder retained its hold on popular interest, and the famous Road murder has never been forgotten. For once the police were not charged with stupidity, nor were the detectives blamed for inability to construct bricks without straw; for the most shallow examination of the evidence, such as it was, proved that of legal facts on which to ground a criminal prosecution against anybody there were absolutely none.

And yet all the time this miserable girl carried the horrible secret in her possession. Serene, calm, and self-possessed, she stood amid the wreck of the happiness of all belonging to her. She went through the terrible ordeal of her own accusation, and what ought to have been the more piercing pangs of a false charge against another, without wincing; and, worst of all, she allowed the clouds of obloquy and suspicion to gather and thicken around her father, till he became a byword and a loathed object of all but general suspicion. She permitted him to fall into contempt, and perhaps ruin; but she made no sign. She was the poor victim of circumstances; she attracted love and sympathy, and the religious care of strangers.

All this, which one would have thought might have stirred the heart of the coarsest and vilest profligate, she, the simple maiden of sixteen years, permitted to be. It is scarcely too much to say that she would have been callously unmoved had ELIZABETH GOUGH or her own father died on the gallows. What she was on the morning of the murder she continued to be for five long years. With an iron will, and iron nerves, and an iron wrist, she lifted her own brother from the happy sleep of innocence—the brother whom she had fondled and played with a few hours before—and almost hacked his head off. Having disposed of her victim, and of every vestige of her crime, she calmly retired to bed, and stood the next morning among the horrified household with just that happy simulation of unconscious terror and pity which looked so natural. The line taken at that dreadful hour has been persistently and consistently maintained. Having succeeded so completely at the first start, she was not going to spoil her success by betraying the very slightest trace of human sympathy or remorse. We could almost believe that CONSTANCE KENT had studied DE QUINCY'S grim jest when he treated murder as one of the fine arts; for her crime may be set down as the very triumph and model of murders. That a little infant should be murdered at all, still more that it should be murdered by its sister, still more that that sister should be herself all that was young, pure, innocent, and engaging, is a monstrous solecism in nature and mind; but that the murderess should so long and so faithfully keep her own counsel, and exhibit nothing of the eating ulcer which, as the world says, must have been at work on her soul, is what will make the name of CONSTANCE KENT infamous to all time.

For ourselves, however, we do not lay much weight on this last consideration. We question very much whether, in the case of great criminals, there is all this intense and sustained effort of self-repression. Indeed, we go further, and are disposed to doubt its existence. Anatomists of the mind are apt to argue from a healthy, or at least an ordinary, conscience, to a state of moral existence in which there is no conscience. Could it be possible to get at an exact diary of CONSTANCE KENT'S inner life, we suspect it would be found that her great crime occupied very little indeed of her thoughts. It was a fact, perhaps an ugly one, which, once over and done with, never again presented itself to her. Nor is this to say that she never realized its guilt, but only that its guilt was as nothing to her. Here comes in the fallacy of the medico-psychologists, who at once plunge to the conclusion that there can be no responsibility for crime where its immorality and guilt are not vividly present to the conscience. Sometimes they say that where there is no conscience there can be no crime; or, again, that an inability to distinguish right and wrong is a sort of colour-blindness of the moral sense, and that in such a case a person must be suffering from a physical derangement of the brain, and therefore that human law has nothing to do with one who is in no sense responsible. Of course we shall hear much of CONSTANCE KENT'S eccentricities, and of the alleged insanity or delusions of her mother or grandmother. All that can be said is, that there is a vast amount of method in this sort of madness. And the very facts of the case show that no theory of congenital insanity will account for the whole history. CONSTANCE KENT is as impervious as marble to every thrill of what is called conscience. That is, she is so for five years. This looks very like a total and complete absorption of the whole moral nature, an entire and final paralysis of the whole system whose function is to recognise right and wrong. This we call insanity. But it so happens that all this is only a temporary state. CONSTANCE KENT can endure without flinching or shrinking, or perhaps without appreciating, the spectacle of her own shattered household and of her father's misery. She can stand the sight as she stood the perpetration of her crime. She can defy all self-accusation. She can assist at religious services, and for three or four years can face the daily appeals to penitence, the constant offers of pardon, the never-ceasing hints and warnings about secret sins, and the inner blackness and foulness of the soul. All these things are as idle words to her. And yet she is a fratricide, with the very worst and first sin black, and daily blackening, before her eyes. Oh, she must be mad! It is not in human nature, not in feminine nature, not in maiden nature, to stand all this, and to stand it unmoved. She must be mad. This is what the gentlemen who believe in homicidal mania will assure themselves, and us if they can. But all of a sudden, something—nobody knows what—the last hair breaks the camel's back; only the poor camel never covered or trembled before, even a hair's-breadth, under the accumulating heap of motives to make a clean breast, and

to render some restitution for the great wrongs against herself and her own. If she had been mad when she murdered her brother, and mad when she concealed the murder, she would have been consistent to the end. But her confession shows that she was not mad; only pre-eminently wicked, crafty, unfeeling, treacherous, vile, deceitful, and hard-hearted beyond almost all human experience. That she stood so much, and resisted so much, and broke down at last, proves that she knew all about her crime all along. Not that she cared for its enormity; but what suited her vile, passionate, envious nature was to murder her brother—so she murdered him. CAIN probably argued in the same way, and acted upon much the same motives. As to her carrying about with her, in the presence of her companions, in the sacred house, and at the frequent hour of prayer, and in the agonized and spectre-haunted vigils of the night, a consciousness of sin, we do not believe a word of it. She never felt it; we doubt whether she felt it when she first gave utterance to her confession; we doubt whether she feels it now in her prison cell.

We have preferred to argue the case on the supposition that CONSTANCE KENT presents a wonderful and, we believe, exceptional case of human depravity. That is, we have treated her as a psychological monster; and we prefer this *rationale* of her crime to the suggestion which has been made, that all women pass through a physiological phase in which it is only by a happy accident that they do not all become murderesses. Alas! for poor human nature if it is so. It is no pleasant reflection that all our maidens, our sisters, and daughters may be potential CONSTANCE KENTS, and that a callousness to every moral sense must, in maidenhood, precede the bloom of life and the very flower and crowning grace of love and wifedom.

NAPOLEON III. AND ITALY.

ONCE more, and this time in almost menacing tones, the French Government has ordered Italy to give up all dreams of possessing Rome. The POPE has to thank, in part, the sudden piety of M. THIERS for this unexpected and rich assurance of Imperial favours to come. Yet NAPOLEON III. cannot be accused of having ever dissembled his dislike to the completion of the Italian edifice. The progress already made by Italy in the direction of unity has been due to the incomparable ingenuity of CAVOUR, and to a rapid march of events which the EMPEROR had not sufficient promptitude to arrest or to resist upon the moment. But he is apparently resolved—for it can hardly be doubted that M. ROUHER in this represents his master—that the Italians shall not take Rome, as CAVOUR carried Naples, by a brilliant *coup de main*. Driven from his citadel of silence by the force of circumstances, by the obstinacy of the POPE and by the Parliamentary talent of M. THIERS, the EMPEROR has roundly menaced the new Kingdom of Italy with destruction if it attempts to incorporate the capital of the Catholic Church. The Second EMPEROR has more prudence and a better temper than his uncle, and it is just possible that he might resent with less energy than the First NAPOLEON anything like Italian resistance to his will. But Italy possesses no statesman of the genius of CAVOUR whom she can trust to represent her at the political gambling-table, and since the recent annexations she has become too rich to be willing to risk her future on a throw. At any moment a French alliance might become of paramount necessity to her. She cannot even be sure that NAPOLEON III. would not be glad of a decent opportunity to dismember a kingdom which has grown up in defiance of his plans. For the present, he seems to be master of her destinies. The threats which his Minister utters reverberate across the Alpine frontier, and the wind of them whistles drearily at the door of VICTOR EMMANUEL'S closet. Italians cannot resign their national hopes and aspirations, but they cannot affect not to hear so loud a message hurled at them from the Tuileries. The official organs of the Papacy hardly affect to conceal their satisfaction at the definite pledge which they think has at last been given to them. His HOLINESS need not carry out his famous threat of walking into exile with his breviary under his arm. All that is required of him is cheerful confidence in France. The French may ostensibly leave him alone, but French eagles will, directly or indirectly, perform for PIO NONO what the ravens did of old for ELIJAH.

A reserve as to his own intentions was necessary if the Emperor of the FRENCH wished to see the Italian capital quietly transferred to Florence, and may have seemed, besides, convenient upon general grounds. It is probable that, as his years advance, NAPOLEON III. becomes more desirous that the peace of Europe should be maintained.

Nor is there any reason for supposing him to be actuated by sinister designs in forcing on the question of Rome. But his own attitude in respect of the Convention of September may well be deliberate and farsighted. A man of his experience and ambition cannot close his eyes to the traditional interests and policy of France. Though he declines to give Rome to the Italians, yet, if he could secure Venice for them without real danger to himself, it would be strange if he hesitated to secure it. The North of Italy—as M. THIERS, in his days of candour, would have confessed—is the natural battle-ground between Austria and France. Necessity, therefore, alone can reconcile an ambitious French monarch to the Austrian tenure of the Quadrilateral—a position which ensures a powerful basis to armies debouching into Italy through the Tyrol in any future war. And it is natural to suppose that NAPOLEON III., with the assistance of Italy, might not be permanently disinclined for an Austrian quarrel if only he could be sure of finding Austria isolated from the rest of Europe. It is unnecessary—it would possibly be unjust—to impute Machiavellian designs to the Cabinet of the Tuileries; but the foregoing are considerations which cannot well have escaped the vigilant eye of a keen French EMPEROR, though they may be overbalanced by other considerations at any particular time. NAPOLEON III., if he is like the chief of the First Empire, could doubtless anticipate various chances of future conflicts that may never come. During the Peace of Amiens the founder of his dynasty prepared for a rupture with England even before he wished for it; and the Peace of Villafranca is not to be taken as meaning that the saviour of Lombardy will never go to war again. The habit of reserving to himself full liberty of action can hardly have been adopted by the ruler of the French nation without a careful estimation of all possible contingencies. It is worthy of notice that HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY during the Danish war shunted himself into a position from which—if such had been his object, and if England had not unexpectedly remained a neutral spectator of events—he might hope to assail Austria with every possible assurance of success. A policy of reserve as to the fate of the Papacy, while the Roman question is under discussion, may be dictated by no illegitimate motives, but it promises at least some speculative advantages. The EMPEROR could, had he been a designing man, have speculated reasonably on one of two results. It might be that Austria would rush to support the deserted Head of her religion. In that case she would of necessity isolate herself from half of Germany, and from Russia, and from England. A French enemy need scarcely desire a better opening. In the event of Austria's inaction, an *émeute* might, on the other hand, have been expected at Rome; nor, in such a contingency, would it be easy for the rest of Italy to avoid plunging into the middle of the storm. The occasion, with all its attendant evils, would at all events render possible a reconstruction of Italy upon an Imperial instead of an Italian theory. No wise man would be bold enough to affirm that such was the outline of any definite Imperial scheme. All that can be said is, that the reserve of full liberty of action signifies something, and that it might conceivably have signified all this. In such a case, the one alternative for which no provision had been made would be the contingency which actually has occurred. Contrary to expectation, PIO NONO has not vaguely threatened to quit Rome spontaneously. This is the one accident which French policy has to fear. The sight of the POPE begging his way in exile, of his own accord, would either convulse Europe, or else give Rome quietly to the Italians. The bare idea has certainly forced the French Government to speak out. It is clear that it creates something like consternation at the Tuileries. If the POPE were attacked while holding Rome, the rôle of France might, at all events, be once more to defend her; but if HIS HOLINESS ostracises himself, France loses the power to intervene in Italy, and gains a barren prospect of agitation in her own provinces. Nor is it the part of French Imperialism to destroy the Papacy. To preserve and to protect it is a more splendid and a more fruitful line of action. The great NAPOLEON, in the days when his genius was the most temperate and clear-sighted, was proud to be considered as a mediator between Catholicism and France. His nephew, captivated by the prestige and splendour of such magnificent reconciliations, is anxious to administer to Italy, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the draught which did France so much good in the beginning. Political prophecy is an idle and vain amusement, but those who believe that it is the ambition of NAPOLEON III. to put an end to the Papacy have but little insight into the history or the programme of either the First or the Second Empire.

Whatever the advantages which the Emperor of the FRENCH may reap from his policy of studied reserve, it is probably from no motives of ambitious intrigue that he has so recently brought the Papal question into a conspicuous position. NAPOLEON III. has himself created the embroglio in which France finds herself involved at Rome, and he naturally desires to settle it in his own lifetime. It is far from his wish to adjourn the solution of it till the next reign, and to bequeath so troublesome and dangerous a legacy to his dynasty. A long minority, with either a woman or a Red Republican for virtual Regent of the French nation, is not a prospect that can please him. Prince NAPOLEON believes, it is thought, almost too devoutly in the mortality of the body, but not at all in the immortality of the soul. The EMPRESS, on the other hand, believes whatever His Holiness the POPE believes, which is saying a great deal. To leave the Italian question, in all its naked difficulty, to the care and keeping of either, would be a political mistake pregnant with peril for the interests of the Imperial family. The EMPEROR, who holds so many strings in his hands, can always pull which he chooses. He has thought it wise to pull the Roman string to let the POPE know that the Danish business is over, and that HIS HOLINESS is wanted in the foreground. The POPE has exhibited, at the summons, unnecessary enthusiasm and excitement. He is not going in reality, it seems, to be hurt. If manipulation of the diplomatic wires of the Tuileries, or even if the glitter of French bayonets can prevent it, HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY is serious in his determination to allow no such religious scandal as the spectacle of a fugitive Pontiff wandering through Europe. We shall not be far wrong in assuming that France would rather see Italy broken up again than see the successor of the Apostles in the miserable condition of King LEAR. The EMPEROR's latest annoyance is that PIO NONO will not stand still to be protected. At the least alarm, he gets down his breviary and his pilgrim's staff. He is always on the eve of starting, to take shelter either with the English or the Turks. These are the mistakes that simple-minded and pious Bishops cannot be guaranteed against committing who have no genius for politics, and who for years have been studying how Christians should behave when they are handed over to the lions. The advisers of the Court of Rome are not men of the world. They may not be as harmless as the serpent, but they are not much wiser than the dove. Distrust of France has now been for the last decade the key to all their diplomacy. Because the POPE is sure of finding shelter under the French ægis, it is not certain that he will be content to settle there.

NAPOLEON III. does not perhaps consider it a real reproach to his policy that it increases the difficulties of the new Italian Kingdom. An insurrection at Rome, when the French have left it, would render the situation of the Italian Monarchy awkward in the extreme. To assist the revolution would be, as M. ROUHER says, to risk the national existence of Italy. To leave it unassisted would be to imperil the security of VICTOR EMMANUEL's crown. Nor can the Italians, however sincerely desirous of quiet, calculate on the prolonged tranquillity of Rome. The mass of the population of Rome are no longer Mazzinian. They wish for incorporation with the Italian Kingdom under the Italian KING. But, because they are not Mazzinian, it does not follow that they are sufficiently educated or prudent to be capable of playing a cool and long-headed game. Their hatred of the priests is what might be looked for from a people which has seen priestly government in all its nakedness, and been the victim of ecclesiastical mismanagement and extortion. The Romans may do their rulers injustice, but they are at all events impregnated with a belief that neither women nor money are safe when a priest has access to either. The constant sight of French soldiers is necessary to keep them from rising in a body. Liberal reforms, if they come at all from Rome, will come too late. The Romans care less about being governed well than about being governed by laymen like themselves. At present they are kept quiet partly by fear, but even more by hope. If they are driven to despair, they will take refuge in desperate measures; and Rome, if not the theatre of open insurrection, will become a scene of isolated atrocities and private vengeance. The policy which England has chalked out for herself prevents her from actively intervening in the Roman question. But her non-intervention, however wise and necessary for her own interests, is not the less a necessity which Italy is likely long to regret and to deplore.

THE CANADIAN DELEGATION.

IT is characteristic of the queer old fashions which survive in this country that the first public recognition offered to the Canadian delegates should take the shape of a banquet in the hall of a Company theoretically composed of the venders of fish; but in giving a hearty welcome to Messrs. CARTIER and GALT, as on some former occasions, the Fishmongers' Company will no doubt be found to have represented by anticipation the feelings of the whole community. Circumstances have rendered the defence question more urgently pressing than the Confederation scheme which was the immediate occasion of the visit of the Canadian Ministers. The difficulty occasioned by the recent action of the maritime provinces may postpone, though it need not ultimately defeat, the project of Federation; but the measures to be taken for the security of the Canadian frontier admit of no delay, and will demand all the cordial co-operation on the part of the colonists which it is understood that their delegates are prepared to offer. In spite of the ingenious military arguments which Mr. LOWE advanced in favour of a policy scarcely compatible with the national honour, it has been made apparent, by two full debates, that the House of Commons is resolved that it shall not be our fault if England and her Colonies do not present a combined and determined front to any danger that may threaten from the side of the United States. Even the minority which professed itself opposed to vigorous action was moved exclusively by the doubt whether Canada was really in earnest in the desire she has expressed to maintain the British connexion; and assuming, as we believe we may assume, that the North American colonists are prepared to fight for the maintenance of their liberties, there is not a single statesman in England who would refuse to throw the whole strength of this country into the contest. Mr. CARTIER and Mr. GALT both assure us that Canada, either alone or in union with the maritime provinces, is prepared to take her full share in the defence of the country, and that one of the main objects of the Confederation scheme was to enable them more completely to fulfil the duties which, it must be owned, they have hitherto shown themselves disposed to shift upon the shoulders of Great Britain. They say, with much reason, that without the hearty co-operation of this country they are not strong enough to enter the lists against the United States in case war should result from any Imperial or Colonial quarrel with our ambitious neighbours. They do not seem as thoroughly convinced as they ought to be that in such a quarrel Great Britain would never desert them, and they are naturally reluctant to admit that any hesitation which has been manifested on our side is due entirely to the doubt, which their own supineness has justified, whether they really are prepared to contest, to the utmost of their power, any attempt to incorporate them with the dominions of the great Republic. Mr. CARTIER and Mr. GALT both know that Canada has done absolutely nothing to prepare for the contingency of war. A few hundreds of militia officers have been sent to school, and some 20,000 Volunteers exist, partly in the flesh, though mainly on paper; but there is too much evidence that many of their people desire, not so much that England should support their resistance to any aggression, as that she should treat them as helpless children, and afford them ample protection without calling for any exertion on their part. There are two reasons why this cannot be done, either of them quite conclusive. In the first place, England does not feel it to be either her interest or her duty to undertake the protection of colonies too indifferent to make the needful sacrifices for their own defence. A still more cogent reason is, that it is not within the means of England, or of any European State, to defend single-handed a thousand miles of American frontier against a great military Power on the spot. The Canadian delegates affect some surprise that people in this country should ever have doubted their readiness to engage in a war of self-defence; but they forget that acts are much more eloquent than words, and that the military ardour of a nation which declines to raise an army when war seems imminent is not unnaturally supposed to be cool. The only real peril for Canada springs from the existence of the mutual suspicions which have been too much indulged. If the Colonies and the Mother-country will trust each other and do their best, there is nothing very alarming in the difficulties which Mr. LOWE and others have conjured up. Canada, it is true, cannot be defended by England, nor perhaps held by the whole force of the Canadians themselves, but it can be effectually secured by its inhabitants with the energetic support which this country would not fail to render in the event of war. If Canada

holds back as she has done in her preparations, in order to force England to take a larger share of the burden of defence, the inevitable result will be to ensure defeat, and to strengthen what is now the insignificant minority who would willingly abandon the Colonies to independence or destruction. It will be useless for the Canadians to ask Great Britain to fight beside them if they really mean that she is to do the fighting for them; and Mr. CARTIER, when he disclaims any such desire, must feel that the true answer would be given by the creation of the Canadian army which at present enjoys only a theoretical existence.

While we call upon the Canadians to cast off all doubts as to the sincerity of our intentions, it is only fair to admit that the suspicions, entertained by some in England, of Canadian loyalty are equally without foundation. If a war should come, they would be willing to fight, and they have shown in old times that, when they fight, they fight hard. The sluggishness which has hitherto been shown springs from a different cause. They say that they can and will fight, but they cannot and will not pay; and whatever theories we may have as to the duty of an almost independent community to raise forces sufficient for its own defence, there is a great deal of truth in the excuse that is thus presented for the lack of adequate preparation. All the North American colonies are comparatively poor. The rigour of the climate makes farming less rapidly lucrative than in the richer settlements of the United States, and, if a few large towns are excepted, the whole country is composed of scattered inhabitants winning a hard, though certain, subsistence from the soil, and forcing their way by slow degrees into the vast uncleared regions which still cover the greater part of the land. These are not people who can bear a heavy load of taxation, and, as the Customs duties are already too high, it would be impossible for Canada to make any serious military effort except by resorting at once to a loan. If the secret aspirations of the mass of the people could be collected, they would show an almost universal conviction that the whole cost of war and of military preparation ought to be defrayed by this country, if not as a free gift, at any rate by advances or by means of Imperial guarantees. As a matter of theory, it is difficult to see the obligation of England to pay all the military expenses of a colony which has long enjoyed practical independence, and had the exclusive control of its own revenues; but there is no reason why the same sort of pecuniary assistance which was given to the King of SARDINIA during the Crimean war should not be extended, by the simple process of guaranteeing a loan, to a people who are much more closely allied to us than any casual associates in a common enterprise. The mistake of the Canadians is in withholding their efforts with a view to force England into more active measures. Such a policy defeats itself, and the Colonies would be absolutely sure of all the pecuniary and material assistance they might require, in the event of war, if they would only show themselves ready to do their utmost without the preliminary bargaining which is the only thing likely to cool the ardour of their English friends. Mr. CARTIER would do more to advance the cause he has at heart by stimulating energetic action at home than by haggling with British statesmen over the terms on which the two countries ought to contribute to the common cause. A little reckless devotion is often the highest prudence, and, as a mere matter of calculation, the most astute thing the Canadians could do would be to work at their fortifications and organize an effective army, without trying to define too closely beforehand the precise amount of assistance which the Mother-country should supply.

Notwithstanding the temporary resistance of New Brunswick, and the coolness of the other maritime colonies, the scheme of Confederation may probably, by judicious management, be yet brought to a prosperous issue. Further information has disclosed the fact that a bare majority of the New Brunswickers have declared against the scheme, although they happen to control two-thirds of the constituencies. In other words, the more populous and advanced districts have been outvoted by the scattered settlers, who may scarcely have heard of the project of union until they were summoned to give their votes upon it. The natural leaders of the little province seem to remain staunch to their convictions, and they can scarcely fail in the end to bring round the mass of the people to their views. Doubts of the good faith with which the delegates have pledged themselves to the construction of the Inter-colonial Railway, and all the local prejudices which flourish nowhere so vigorously as in half-developed colonies, will account for the suspicion with which a thoroughly liberal and comprehensive plan of union has been met in the maritime

provinces; but a little time and patience cannot fail to convince the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that they would be the chief gainers by a project which would give them a commercial and manufacturing supremacy in British North America like that which the New Englanders enjoy in the United States. Free trade and easy transit to the interior are the greatest material benefits which Nova Scotia and New Brunswick could desire, and those provinces cannot long remain blind to their obvious interests. From some words dropped by Mr. CARTIER, the Canadians seem still to contemplate the passing of an Imperial Statute to sanction the proposed Confederation. It is clear that no practical effect could be given to it until every member of the league had tendered its adhesion, and the veto of New Brunswick alone would make it a geographical impossibility; but it will be worthy of consideration whether a provisional measure might not be passed, prescribing terms of union to come into operation so soon as the assent of the several provinces shall have been regularly obtained. It might not be difficult to insert in such a Bill provisions which would go far to remove the suspicions, and win the concurrence, of the colonies which have as yet hesitated to give their adhesion; and if by this or any other course their object can be promoted, the delegates from Canada may rely on the cordial support of the Home Government. Notwithstanding the clouds which have unexpectedly gathered, there is no reason to be found in the temper of this country why the visit of the Canadian delegates should not bear all the fruit that has been expected from it.

MR. MILL AND WESTMINSTER.

MR. MILL'S last letter to the electors of Westminster lends some countenance to the popular impression of the disqualification of a theorist for practical life. An ordinary politician confines himself to the issues which Parliament may probably have to decide. He will vote for or against certain Bills; he will support or oppose Church-rates, the Ballot, and perhaps Maynooth; and, above all, he will either give his adhesion to the great Liberal party which has done so much for the country, or he will combine a perfect readiness to reform proved abuses with a conscientious attachment to the principles of our glorious Constitution. His language is perhaps neither perfectly philosophical nor literally sincere, but, in its conformity to recognised conventions, it is sufficiently intelligible for the immediate purpose. Mr. MILL is more original, more instructive, and more definite, but, with the indiscriminate profusion of the rich man in the parable, he brings out of his repertory at the same time things old and new. Nothing can be plainer than his statement that he will vote with Mr. BAINES and with Mr. LOCKE KING, and that for the present he will not vote for the Ballot. When, however, he proposes to admit women to the electoral franchise, he is laying down principles of legislation, not for England, but for Utopia or Atlantis. Many reasons might be urged against the concession, for the first time in history, of political power to the domestic, personal, impulsive, and intuitive sex; but Mr. MILL has a right to promulgate a contrary opinion with the authority which belongs to his character and reputation. His objections to an exclusively masculine franchise may be advantageously stated in a treatise on the theory of politics, and, if he can obtain any converts, his disciples will perhaps gradually propagate the doctrines of their master. In the meantime, an advocacy of the rights of women has as little to do with an election for Westminster as an argument in favour of painting the inhabitants of Great Britain with woad. There is not the smallest chance that the admission of women to the suffrage will be seriously proposed in the present generation, and consequently it is unnecessary for a candidate to discuss the question with a constituency. The differences between the positivism of Mr. MILL and the positivism of COMTE would concern the electors of Westminster more nearly. When they find that their intended representative is a preacher of abstract theories, some of them will be inclined to fall back on Captain GROSVENOR and commonplace. Zealous reformers of acuter minds will perhaps suspect that the right of women to the franchise is so legitimate an inference from the indefeasible rights of man as to reduce universal suffrage to an absurdity. Mr. MILL is perfectly right in thinking that it is impossible to draw a satisfactory distinction between the sexes if the franchise is regarded as a species of property or privilege, rather than as a contrivance for promoting sound legislation and regular government. It is only because universal suffrage is probably incompatible with freedom and order that existing restrictions are defensible. The pleasure of giving a vote, if it is a pleasure, ought not in itself to be

grudged to any human being, and, indeed, it is hard that unhappy male dunces and a large number of intelligent women should be disfranchised because they are unable to do a sum in the rule of three.

Although Mr. MILL's didactic habits may perhaps not be well suited to the House of Commons, a lesson in humility ought to benefit a body of metropolitan electors. After the experiences of Marylebone, of Finsbury, and of Lambeth, there is agreeable novelty in the discriminative exposition of a political creed which is not merely a reverberated sound. Mr. MILL is not a believer in the new-fangled theory of non-intervention, which means unbounded license of intervention to wrongdoers and tyrants. While he believes, with much reason, that the army and navy might be more economically administered, he is not prepared to disarm in the presence of threatening military despotisms. It is difficult to understand his reasons for expecting that the increased influence of the smaller taxpayers would promote a stricter control over the details of public expenditure. Contributors to direct taxation, who are all included in the present constituency, are far more sensitive than the consumers of excisable or customable articles, who have, in ordinary transactions, no motive for distinguishing between the natural price of a commodity and the artificial percentage imposed by the State. To many thoughtful persons it seems a main objection to a widely extended suffrage that the visible taxation would all be paid by a class which would at the same time be excluded from the enjoyment of political power. The present mode of levying the revenue is approximately equitable, and it seems, on the whole, to meet with Mr. MILL's approval; but Mr. BRIGHT and the Liverpool Financial Reformers have frequently threatened to readjust the burden as soon as democratic changes have enabled them to control legislation. According to one favourite plan, all indirect duties except the liquor duties are to be removed, and the deficiency is to be made good by a greatly increased tax upon income, graduated in such a manner as to confer a gratuity on traders at the expense of the owners of realized property. It may perhaps be true that the indirect effects of public extravagance would, under any fiscal system, be as pernicious to trade and industry as to the actual contributors of the revenue; but if the main bulk of taxation were apparently borne by the rich, it is probable that the rest of the community would be tolerant of unnecessary wars and of general profusion. The democracy which supports the French Empire feels no uneasiness at an increase of the public debt which would never have been allowed by the middle-class rulers of France in the days of the ORLEANS Monarchy. It is not even certain that the sound doctrines of political economy which have happily penetrated the popular mind in England would survive an organic change in the distribution of electoral power. In the United States, in Canada, and in Australia, monopolists find it easy to delude the multitude into the adoption of a restrictive policy. The recurring or periodical clamour for the graduation of the Income-tax illustrates the tendency of selfishness to obscure the plainest principles of common sense and justice.

As might have been expected, Mr. MILL avows, with perfect candour and consistency, his determination to resist the exclusive preponderance of even the most numerous class. As in the case of women, he vindicates the rights of minorities, but it may be doubted whether his championship would be more effectual in one case than in the other. Even if the framer of a complicated Reform Bill could persuade Parliament to adopt the contrivances of Mr. HARE, Lord GREY, or Mr. MARSHALL, the enfranchised democracy could at any moment sweep away the dams and weirs which might have been erected to obstruct its progress. The example of the North American States ought not to be forgotten by projectors who are inclined to construct Constitutions on a steep incline, and to rely on the efficiency of a drag chain. In the days of WASHINGTON, nearly every State imposed a property qualification on voters, and yet the constituents of ANDREW JOHNSON have almost forgotten that it is possible to exclude any portion of the community from the suffrage. Mr. MILL cannot but be aware of the difficulty of carrying a measure which is denounced by the so-called thoroughgoing Liberals at every public meeting, and especially at every election. Mr. BRIGHT sneers at all objections to the domination of numbers, and only a fortnight ago Mr. POTTER protested with success at Rochdale against evasions of the sovereignty of the people. When Mr. MILL has, in accordance with his expressed intention, assisted in lowering the franchise, he will scarcely find the new electors more conservative or more considerate than the smaller constituency which necessarily sympathizes with the minority, being

itself only a fractional portion of the community. The rights of the minority are at present tolerably well secured because it happens to be placed at the long arm of the lever. When a pair of scales is substituted for the steelyard, the lighter weight will be tilted up, notwithstanding the attempt to rectify the balance by the insertion of artificial weights. Mr. MILL falls into the characteristic error of a theorist when he places on the same footing the opinions which he shares with a party, and the conclusions which are almost exclusively his own. He may help Mr. BRIGHT to establish universal suffrage, but Mr. BRIGHT will not return the favour by helping Mr. MILL to deprive a promiscuous constituency of any portion of its power. The tide may be kept out or regulated by flood-gates, but when it is once admitted it is impossible or useless to prescribe its direction and its speed.

It would be unfair to withhold due recognition from Mr. MILL's openness, and from his uncompromising love of justice. If he is not an ordinary politician, he may claim a yet higher rank whether he is in or out of Parliament. His argument against the Ballot is sound in itself, and it is also evidently the groundwork of his own matured judgment. A public function ought, in the absence of some conclusive objection, to be publicly discharged; and there can be no doubt that, in the present day, voters, with an ordinary exertion of honesty and courage, may set illicit influences at defiance. Even in condemning purchase in the army, Mr. MILL is careful to indicate the possible alternative of favouritism and jobbery. In dealing with a subject which he has peculiar qualifications for understanding, he expresses his disbelief in the efficacy of legislation between employers and workmen. No better contrast could be presented for the condemnation of the vulgar flatterers who habitually echo the real or pretended prejudices of the most ignorant portion of the mob. The objects which Mr. MILL proposes to himself in political life are the worthiest which can occupy a philosopher or a statesman. Even in the selection of methods and instruments, his judgment is entitled to respect, though not to the implicit confidence of those who cling to the accidents of history, and cultivate to the best of their ability the faculty of judging of practical probabilities. No living writer has shown so profound and universal an attachment to genuine freedom, and yet it may be questioned whether political freedom has ever been as fully enjoyed as under the mixed Constitution of England, which Mr. MILL proposes to abolish. When all the roughnesses and corners are rounded off, experience only can show whether the wheels of liberty will continue to bite.

IMPARTIAL HISTORIANS.

AMONGST the commonplaces of eulogy reserved for historians, none is commoner than the ascription to them of judicial impartiality. It is presumed to be the duty of historical writers to recline like the gods beside their nectar, looking with calm indifference over blight and famine, plague and earthquake, and to sum up the net result. When a war or an insurrection occurs, they are supposed to go through a process like that which Franklin described himself as employing when in doubt. He took a sheet of paper, drew a line down the middle, and wrote down all the reasons in favour on one side, and all the reasons against on the other. He then proceeded to equate the reasons which were equal and opposite, and to put two on one side equal to three on the other, and so on, until there was a clear balance left in favour of one course. In like manner, the impartial observer remarks, after due consideration, that there are five reasons in favour of the Union and six in favour of Secession, and thereupon gives his sympathies, as he calls them, to the Southern side in the war. Such investigations lead, as a rule, to entirely nugatory results, because they generally neglect the main question of all; they take you round to a good many sides of the argument, but they fail to place you at the point of view from which it can be seen as a whole. They often lead to an error like that of a man who should count the number of branches which a tree throws out to the east, and, finding them less than the number thrown out to the west, should argue that the tree was growing westwards, and meanwhile entirely fail to observe that it was growing upwards. Whether falling into such fallacies or not, the impartial historian, and indeed the judicially-minded man in general, is apt to be inexpressibly irritating to minds less equally balanced. It may be merely due to their annoyance at the singularly easy terms on which he obtains credit. A man who has no sympathies with anybody may, of course, be as judicial as he pleases. He gains a great deal of credit for a purely negative quality. But it may be argued, in addition to this, that the impartial historian labours under some positive disadvantages; that it is difficult for him to produce any original views, and that, as he advances beyond the mere labour of collecting facts and laying the foundations of historical criticism, he generally becomes more and more incapable.

The advantages of a judicial mind in scientific matters are obvious. It might have been expected, indeed, that men of

science would have nothing to quarrel about, because their quarrels admit of a definite decision. But that circumstance seems only to add more keenness to their disputes. Bitter personal feeling has always one method of intruding itself even into that serene atmosphere. The great question of who discovered what when, and whether some one else did not discover it before, may always be discussed with animation. A man of prejudices not only wastes his time in incessant wrangling over such matters, but is apt to stick to his own defective methods to prove his notions right. It is well known that no one ever successfully advised a traveller against taking a short cut. He is quite certain to run the risk of breaking his shins for the chance of a decisive triumph over his adviser at the end. In the same spirit, English mathematicians—devotees of a science apart, as one would have thought, from all personal considerations—stuck to the Newtonian methods in order to prove them superior to foreign innovations. Moreover, when a discussion is of such a nature that it can be brought to a definite end, there is also some definite glory to be won. People quarrel with unceasing zest over such a question as the Source of the Nile—just as if it mattered to any human being whether the Nile has any source at all—because a man may turn up any day who can distinctly solve the problem and claim the glory. There is, of course, another reason for the bitterness of certain scientific disputes. They have contrived to get themselves more or less mixed up with theology; our belief in the immortality of man is supposed to be in some way concerned in the ape's *hippocampus minor*, and the truth of revelation in geological speculations about the drift. Of course, when a man believes that his opponent is not only a fool but a heretic, he feels that he does well to be angry. When you are really discussing, or fancy yourself to be discussing, not whether there is a certain lump on a monkey's brain, but whether you have got an immortal soul, you may be excused for being somewhat excitable. The advantage of the man who has neither sympathy nor prejudice in such matters is obvious. The more ready he is to accept help from any one, and the less he cares what may be the result of his investigations upon his neighbours' creeds, the better it will be for him. His impartiality, in fact, is all clear gain.

Up to a certain point, the same will hold true of the historian. His judgment of facts and his weighing of evidence will probably be more satisfactory in proportion to the smallness of his sympathy for the litigants or the witnesses. If two reports came of a battle in America, which only agreed in the fact that a battle had been fought, the perfectly impartial man would doubtless be the best fitted to decide whether the rebellion had received its deathblow or another crushing defeat been inflicted upon the Federal forces. He would judge, from the facts previously known, which story fitted in best with the conditions of the case, and he would have decided which side on the whole told the most numerous and most outrageous lies. The problem might possibly resemble those given in mathematical books. If A tells the truth once in five times, and B once in six, what is the chance of either being right when he contradicts the other flatly? A man who had the feelings of a strong partisan would of course be incapable of such a process. He would believe religiously, and suppose his belief to have been confirmed by uniform experience, that Federals always lied and Confederates always spoke the truth, or *vice versa*. The process by which he arrived at his conclusion would scarcely be in the form of an argument at all. He would have a picture all ready in his imagination of Grant's army dispersing in confusion, and Jefferson Davis taking up his lodgings in the White House; the colours would be bright and distinct, and the details carefully worked up in proportion to the pleasure with which he had contemplated it. The one thing required would be, the most trifling peg of evidence upon which to hang it. The reverse of the picture would of course be to him an unimaginable chaos; and although it may not be accurate, in Sir William Hamilton's sense, that the test of any truth is the inconceivability of its opposite, it certainly is the practical rule by which our belief is ordinarily determined. Men who could not imagine a general except as running away, his fugitive condition having got by some means to form part of the connotation of his name, would of course have real difficulty in thinking of him as victorious. So far the advantages of impartiality are obvious; but when we come to more complicated questions, we begin to see the counter-advantages of a good healthy prejudice. If we were to inquire, not into the truth of any particular defeat or victory, but into any of the more general questions raised by the war, we should prefer the heated to the cool judgment, simply because a man who looks at such questions coolly is very unlikely to do justice to either side. If we wished to know whether, on a given occasion, Cromwell told a lie, we should prefer to inquire of Hallam; if we wanted an estimate of Cromwell's character, we should infinitely prefer Mr. Carlyle. The historian of the Hallam class says that Cromwell was justified in doing this, and was not justified in doing that, and ought to have been more particular about the other; and in a final summing up contrives to construct a kind of diagram of his hero, where Mr. Carlyle gives us a living picture. It is true that Mr. Carlyle may sometimes convert a sinner into a saint; but that is a mistake of singularly little importance, except, indeed, to the sinner himself. The essence of the man's character is pretty much the same in either case, and that is just what the impartial historian misses whilst pottering over the question whether his hero went a little to the right of the line or a little to the left of it. There is much more essential likeness between Paul before

and Paul after his conversion than between Paul and Peter when they are both saints. And this incapacity for appreciating the character of a person operates equally against the due appreciation of a nation or a party. A man who sets down the merits of the Whigs and Tories, and tries to strike a balance between them, is likely to come to a very colourless result. It may indeed be argued that such a literary monster as a bi-sympathetic man may possibly exist. Some one may be found who can enter at once into the feelings of Robespierre and of William Pitt, and give us a living description of the parties of which they were representative members. If Shakspeare lived in these days of accurate knowledge, and had taken to write historical dramas, instead of being providentially brought into the world before anachronisms were put down, he might possibly have caught the likeness of all phases of mankind. With every respect, however, for the divine Williams, we doubt whether he could have been fair to a Frenchman. The intense sympathies which led him to appreciate Henry V. and Falstaff made him a very bad authority for the battle of Agincourt. Although it has come to be considered a kind of blasphemy to assert even the non-infinity of Shakspeare's power, we must confess that, to quote Sam Weiler, we believe that his vision was limited. He could not see round a corner and up two pair of stairs in an historical point of view, and was therefore not fully able to appreciate men removed beyond certain bounds of space and time. Now, an historian should so far partake of the Shakspearian capacity as to enter into the minds of many different classes of men, but he could not hope, without super-Shakspearian power, to enter equally into the minds of all the classes to be described; whence it follows that he must be prejudiced in favour of some class, and prejudiced in proportion to the vivacity of his imagination.

Some historians, we know, contrive to exist without any of this quality, as insects manage to get on without some of their chief vital organs. Indeed, most contemporary history seems to be put together without much of it. If a man possessed in the faintest degree the power of seeing without actual eyesight, he would not talk, as so many people do talk, as if America consisted of about one hundred people, each of whom read the *Times* every morning at breakfast, or as if a few million Mexicans spread over a vast territory could be at once made industrious instead of lazy by receiving the name of an Empire instead of a Republic. The power of living in distant countries and in distant times, as well as in your own, is very rare and very limited where it exists. Where it does exist, it of necessity implies some prejudice; for it cannot be considered probable that the power should be diffused equally over the whole mind, so as to make one set of feelings as readily imaginable as another. The historian sympathises with the feelings he describes best, just as the novelist always falls in love with his own heroes and heroines. Such a prejudice is not incompatible with philosophical views, so far as we can get any philosophical history at present. The best known example is Burke, to whom, according to Lord Macaulay, Indian scenes were as familiar as his own house at Beaconsfield. His imagination led him at once to be unduly partial, and to understand many things which were hidden from men of colder, and therefore more impartial, temperament. Doubtless, when the time comes at which history is reduced to a science, when we have analysed and catalogued all the springs of human action, it will want a judicial mind to investigate fairly the perplexing problems that will arise. Meanwhile, so long as we have to jump at the solution of many questions rather by feeling than by reasoning, the show of impartiality generally implies nothing but deficiency in some of the essential qualifications of an historian.

HISTORY IN COOKERY.

DE QUINCY gives it as his deliberate opinion that all anecdotes are lies, and that, if a saying has a proverbial fame, we may be quite sure it was never said. Our own experience fully accords with this view; there is no such thing as exactness in common report. But, after all, the world's blunders in this respect are not commonly of much moment. If people never said the particular things they are reported to have said, they said similar things. Anecdotes and sayings, though not strictly true, or perhaps not true at all, gather round the names of personages who did and said things worthy of note. People may be remembered for deeds they did not do or for wit they never uttered, but they deserve to be remembered for something as good or as distinctive in some field or other. Names have a way of living long after the reason for their being singled out for fame is forgotten, and we hold that, where a name and nothing more comes down to us, it does not float on the surface of Time's stream by mere chance or accident. It asserted itself, we may be sure, upon the ears of contemporaries with a sound and persistence which causes these echoes and faint reverberations. Even where it is associated with some quaint or empty form, we believe in an original strength and energy which gave the impetus and constituted the salt that keeps the name fresh. It is a chance that we know the origin of "Hobson's choice"; but if we had not been told, we might equally be sure that there was once a Hobson of inflexible purpose. We have been led into this train of reflection by chancing to fall in with Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, a copy of which, thanks to its octavo form and grave brown leather binding, had lived a long undisturbed existence on shelves devoted to divines of the last century. Naturally our first search was for the

sentence which keeps the name of Glasse still a household word. We looked everywhere for "First catch your hare," and as naturally, according to our opening theory, we did not find it. But, though not there, we acknowledge it might as well have been there. The phrase snacks of her manner. We don't find this particular direction, but we notice a habit of beginning at the beginning of things, and a straightforwardness which belongs only to marked and piquant characters. Thus Mrs. Glasse's name does not really live, as it seems to do, on a mistake. She stamped her mind on a bundle of receipts as does a thinker on a collection of miscellaneous essays. We are not ignorant that it has been said that Mrs. Glasse did not write her own *Cookery* at all, but that it is the work of a Dr. Hunter; but no one reading the book can hold an instant with this opinion. Not only the style speaks for itself, but so do the errors, slight and immaterial as they are. No Dr. Hunter could have expressed himself with her practical force on her peculiar theme, but neither, in adopting a term of the French *cuisine*, would he have spelt it Ho-goo.

As no original author can write on any subject without widening its horizon, Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery* tells a good deal more than it professes to do. A perusal of her book transports us into another age, into other manners, into circumstances as strikingly different from our own as a scene from Molière or a page of Boswell. We find history in cooking; we realize the England of the eighteenth century, in its social habits, its resources, its difficulties, its insularities. Her intense nationality and jealousy of foreign innovations brings forward very prominently the incursion of French cooks into the kitchens of our nobility, which Mrs. Glasse would as willingly have stemmed as Addison the Italian Opera. Not that she wholly excludes French dishes from her book; she adopts the more judicious method of inserting such as best proved her point of French extravagance and other vices. "Read this chapter," she writes, "and you will find how expensive French sauce is," following with a receipt in which a hundred ingredients go to enhancing or disguising the flavour of four partridges, and concluding—"This dish I do not recommend, for I think it an odd jumble of trash; by that time the cullis, &c. &c. are reckoned, the partridges will come to a fine penny." "They will use as many fine ingredients to stew a pigeon or fowl as will make a very fine dish, which is equal to boiling a leg of mutton in champagne. Here, I think, is enough to show the folly of these fine French cooks. In their own country they will make a grand entertainment with the expense of one of these dishes, but here they want the little petty profit; and by this sort of legerdemain some fine estates are juggled into France." Nor did she speak from mere prejudice, for these are the cooks of whom one—*chef* to the Prince of Soubise—demanded fifty hams in preparation for one supper; and, on the Prince remonstrating, assured him that, though one only would appear at table, the rest would not the less be needed for the *espagnoles*, the *blonds*, and *garnitures*, supporting his claim by the assurance that M. le Comte knew nothing of the resources of the art. "Give the word, and these fifty hams that confound you I will put them into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." But Mrs. Glasse did not confine herself to economic grounds. When occasion served, it strikes us she could deal with the best of good things with a liberal hand, as where two bottles of red wine and one of sack go to the composition of Christmas plum-porridge; but her feeling is for protecting the original flavour of what comes into her hands—the "delicious juices of meats and fishes," which it is the theory of English cookery to preserve distinct and pure, not to confound or nullify even by the most exquisite sauces. She reverences the idiosyncrasy of her material. She has constantly, indeed, to condescend to a less severe taste, but it is a condescension. Thus we come upon grudging permissions such as the following:—"You may lard your duck or let it alone, just as you please; for my part I think it best without." And she says of a certain calveshead pie, which has very much the air of being the offspring of her own genius:—"This is a very fine dish: you may put in as many fine things as you please, but it wants no addition," and "you may garnish or let it alone." On one occasion she is unjust to her rivals, or perhaps she never heard the French proverb, *On se fait cuisinier, mais on est né rôti*, for she enlarges on the arts of simple roasting and boiling as the great essentials of cookery, as though she were asserting principles overlaid and forgotten. Now and then, her zeal for simplicity carries her beyond our sympathy, as when she describes a dish, "first contrived by Mr. Rich," as deservedly a great favourite with the nobility, which dispenses with professional aid altogether. "The Hasty Dish" consists of a neck of mutton, with various condiments, placed in a vessel called a necromancer, and suspended between two chairs, which is cooked by five sheets of brown paper torn up and burned underneath—"fifteen minutes just does it." We mention it here as an obvious method of using up *Times* supplements, which are apt to grow upon us.

The various archaisms of the volume, though telling many a tale of the difficulties and privations of that day, do not always satisfy us of our own progress. Those who have suffered under the mangling, rather than carving, that may still be witnessed at some family dinner-tables, must feel a sense of loss and falling off in reading the directions given on this subject, and delivered in a high heraldic language which lifts carving into one of the fine arts. Thus we are instructed how to "cut up" a turkey, to "rear" a goose, to "unbrace" a mallard or duck, to "unlace" a coney, to "wing" a partridge or quail, to "allay" a pheasant or teal, to "dis-member" a heron, to "thigh" a woodcock, to "display" a crane, and to "lift" a swan. But, on the whole, there is no doubt that

time has done us a service. MacAdam, and steam, and railways, and invention exercising itself on the kitchen grate, and dispensing with charcoal and its poisonous fumes, have indefinitely facilitated matters. To be sure we have probably to pay vastly higher for necessities, but we have done once for all with a good deal of mere trash and utterly unpalatable material, which had a use then for want of better things. If we have lost the golden pippin, we have at least done with "services" and "bullace" among fruits, the hips and haws and sloes of the dessert-table, and as good as done with medlars and quinces. We know nothing of a queer list of vegetables—rocambole, salsify, tansey, skerrits—which have given place to others better and more succulent. We need no longer eat mutton hams, which were so convenient to families living far from a market, nor dry geese in the chimney, nor expend our appetite on stockfish which needs as a preliminary to be beaten with a sledge-hammer on an iron anvil till it is reduced to atoms, and afterwards made eatable by ill-merited and ill-repaid cares. We do not need the hints and receipts how to restore tainted things to a seeming freshness. Our cooks, we trust, are called to no efforts of self-sacrifice in the cause of restoration like that in the plain-spoken warning, "They will stink and look yellow, but you must not mind that." To balance these drawbacks, are sturgeon, bustards, shufflers, and a variety of obsolete delicacies which perhaps would not take the same rank with us, for there is evidently a coarser taste consulted than gives the law in our day. Puddings, for example, meant something very different from, and more substantial than, what we understand by the word. We see that Sir Balaam's "two puddings" may really have represented profusion, and that the proverbial solid pudding had a superiority over empty praise which we cannot ascribe to it from our lighter notions on this head. One receipt for a pudding startles our weaker nerves, as English tragedy used to do French refinement—namely, that which begins with the direction, "Before you kill your hog have ready" so and so.

We have noted Mrs. Glasse's own natural taste for simplicity, but various local messes which it is her duty to describe are in another vein altogether. Such is "a very fine sweet lamb pie," in which we find lamb in company with sugar, grapes, citron, currants, caudle, and what not; and that Yorkshire pie devised for more vigorous digestions than our age furnishes, which is celebrated by an ode in *Punch*, and which provoked the suffering poet, though a stout Protestant, to join in the then popular cry of "Pie oh! no! no!" There are, again, "surprises" which we can hardly commend, where a chicken assumes the form of a French roll, and a partridge peeps out of one end of a cucumber. Nor are the frivolities of her art well understood or sufficiently condescended to by this strong mind. Her variety of "fools," her "fish-ponds," and her "islands" want grace; and there is clumsiness in the notion of dressing twenty eggs like one, though it shows her turn for the grand manner; for who wants to be persuaded into the notion that he is eating a roc's egg, or even an ostrich's? Her chapter on Lent cookery is in better feeling, and so are her "pretty little heartening dishes" for a sick lady. We must also say a word for her receipts perpetuating the day when great ladies thought themselves honoured by giving their name to a dish of their own invention—as such a pudding, "Lady Monmouth's way"; and "how to jar cherries Lady North's way"; while a particular cosmetic, "Miss in her teens," deserves, from the charm of its innocence, to be the identical concoction maliciously upset by the Vicar of Wakefield, if that was not rather the approved method practised by Mrs. Dukely, the Queen's fire-woman. Cheek by jowl with these aids to beauty we find "surfeit water," which seems to have been a remedy greatly called for in that day; an infallible cure for the bite of a mad dog; an approved recipe for consumption, by a lady at Paddington; and two for the plague.

But perhaps it is in the warm appreciation of the sucking-pig that we note the most fundamental change brought about by the lapse of years—a change which may almost be regarded as a moral one, for surely the fastidiousness of the present day treats a taste for young pig as a sort of cannibalism. It was Charles Lamb's antique turn of mind, his yearning for what was passing away, which led him by a sort of instinct to a passion for this dying-out delicacy. In Mrs. Glasse's pages, as in his, this dish stands the prime favourite, the darling, so to say, of the English table, and surrounded with a perfectly distinct prestige. After instructions "how to kill your pig," in terms that touch upon our modern sensational style, the cook is bid to truss him like a lamb; or "to spit your pig," or to dress him *à la matelot*, with white wine, eels, and craw-fish; or to barbacue him, or to lay your pig before a brisk fire, basting him with two bottles of red wine and one of Madeira; or to encase him in jelly, or to serve him up with Seville oranges, truffles, and morels; or roll your pig up tight and collar him; or shut him in a pot with sweet herbs, and put your petticoes into a saucepan, making a pretty cold dish of his head. So far the cook's part. Next we are admitted into the sentiments of the consumer, which transpire in treating of the dishing-up and the "sauce." "Some love to see him served up whole, with an orange in his mouth" (instead of split, like the Prussian eagle). "Some do not love sage in a pig." "Some love bread-sauce in the basin," "some love a few currants boiled in it," &c. And all this "love" attributed almost exclusively to this dish is now turned to hate, or at least semblance of hate, so that it would need some moral courage to own to a partiality for it in a mixed company.

But Mrs. Glasse wrote for an age free from culinary prejudice, and which liked pronounced and rich flavours. A cook under her

system needed not that finical care of her own organ of taste enjoined on the French *chef*—"lest his palate should get hardened like the conscience of an old judge"; or rather, the book being addressed to her own sex, she could rely on an unselfish devotion. A woman's love for the art of cookery has little to do with personal indulgence. She sustains herself on a sense of superiority over the men to whose taste she ministers, and would forget all her skill through disuse if she alone were to profit by it, seeming to say with the kindly matron in *Silas Marner*, "I don't eat such things myself, but men's stomachs are made so comical, they want a change—they do, God help 'em!"

SWITZERLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE French Revolution and the wars which followed it have had an effect to which nothing in the former history of the world can be compared. Other political torments have swept over the earth, destroying or renovating as might happen, but there was no other which so completely swept everything before it. Earlier innovators and conquerors may have wrought changes equal in amount, but they wrought them, so to speak, in a natural way. A man or a nation had an object to gain—a political conquest, a territorial settlement, or whatever it might be; and the attainment of that object carried with it such an amount of change as was its own natural result. But, till the French Revolution, no one preached up change for its own sake, no one attacked things simply because they were old. No previous set of conquerors ever set out with the deliberate purpose of converting the whole world to a political theory, of remodelling all institutions everywhere according to the same model. The result is that, in France, and in all countries which became thoroughly subjected to French influence, a greater gulf separates the present from a not very remote past than any that separated that past from a state of things ages before it. Since the torrent retreated, much has been restored, but at the time nothing was spared. People talk about irruptions of barbarians, but the maligned Goths and Vandals had a distinct respect for the arts and institutions of the countries which they invaded, and the very Turks looked on them with a sort of contemptuous indifference. Whatever either Goths or Turks destroyed they destroyed for their own advantage, and not from any abstract love of destruction. To a people which wishes to retain any memorials of its former self, an invasion of barbarians is a trifle compared with an invasion of theorists.

A revolution which goes on the avowed principle of sweeping away everything that is old must necessarily sweep away a great deal that is good and also a great deal that is bad. A country is lucky if, after undergoing this sort of deluge, it manages to set up again whatever was good in its former system, and not to set up again what was bad. We may say, on the whole, that Switzerland has, in the end, slowly and steadily, reaped this great benefit from her momentary overthrow in 1798. The restoration of 1815 restored some of the old evils, but by no means all, by no means the worst. And the changes of 1830 and 1848 have finally left the country a distinct gainer by the aggregate changes of fifty years. The Revolution swept away all local and aristocratic privileges, and the attempt to restore them in 1815 was as little likely to be lasting as any other unreal piece of reaction. The country owes this great gain to the Revolution, and the countervailing evils which the Revolution brought with it have vanished along with the evils which it rooted up. The tomfooleries of French Republicanism vanished along with the trees of liberty which the invaders everywhere planted, and which the natives in most places cut down. In French eyes an ancient democracy and an ancient oligarchy were alike offensive, because each was guilty of the sin of being ancient. All were jumbled together in the Republic one and indivisible. But the new Republic is gone, the old oligarchies are gone, while the old democracies are there still. It was a good work to liberate Vaud from Bern; it was a bad work to jumble together all the primitive Cantons into one administrative division; it was a worse work still to annex Geneva, Wallis, and Bischof Basel to France. But Vaud is still independent; the primitive Cantons are again separate; Geneva, Wallis, and Bischof Basel are again free. In these cases and in many others the good has permanently survived, while the evil has been merely ephemeral. One set of experiences taught the need of a closer union than existed under the old state of things; another set of experiences taught that so close a union as the French revolutionary theory required was utterly unsuited to the country. The existing Constitution is the natural result of these two opposite lessons. That it took fifty years thoroughly to work out both should, in English eyes, be an earnest that the work is well done.

Switzerland, up to 1798, must indeed have seemed a strange sight to those who looked at it through the spectacles of the French republican theory, or of any theory at all. Of all countries in the world, it was the chosen land of anomalies. It was like the world of Lucretius, a collection of fortuitous atoms. Everything had grown up bit by bit, and had come together bit by bit. The country was a sort of political dictionary, a specimen card of governments of every kind. The old Switzerland was not a single republic, not even a single federation; it was a collection of aristocracies, democracies, and, what people hardly realize, of monarchies, standing to one another in every conceivable sort of relation. We say monarchies, because Neuchâtel, St. Gallen, and

Bischofszell were under the government of princes with different degrees of authority. And though these States were not then Cantons, they came, even then, under the common head of Switzerland as generally understood; and they were in close alliance with the actual Cantons, or with some of them. There is hardly any sort of government, with one important exception, which could not be found within the narrow limits of the Confederation and its Allies. That exception is that nowhere was there to be found a strictly representative government, investing a whole country with equal rights—the model, in short, of most modern States, whether monarchic or republican. A perfect example of this had probably never existed in the country. The nearest approach to it, the old constitution of Vaud under the House of Savoy, had vanished under the oligarchic dominion of Bern.

The truth is that, while the French Republic was a republic founded on a theory, Switzerland was a country which had gradually drifted into republicanism without any theory. The Swiss Cantons became republics simply because their King gradually lost all power of doing them either good or harm. They did not set out with any dogmas about kings and peoples; they had the strongest possible attachment to their own franchises, but they had no notion whatever of the rights of man. Certain cities and districts, all holding of the Empire, found it desirable, as other cities and districts in other parts of the Empire did also, to enter into a League for mutual defence. Such a League was in no way contrary to their allegiance to the Empire; but it was gradually found that their own Federal union was more valuable than the Imperial protection; their connexion with the Empire gradually ceased, and at the Peace of Westphalia it was formally annulled. Till then, Bern and Zürich were republics only in the sense that every Free City of the Empire was a republic. These cities and districts gradually acquired, by conquest, purchase, or cession, the sovereignty of other cities and districts over which they reigned as corporate princes. Nothing could be more repugnant to any republican theory; but as the thing actually took place, it was no more amazing for the City of Bern to buy out a bankrupt Count than for any rich corporation elsewhere to buy a convenient estate that happened to be in the market. Everything in the whole country grew up in this piecemeal way, everything was anomaly and contradiction, because nothing was the result of theory, but everything of historical circumstances. Republican theorists would really have had fewer changes to make in adapting a pure despotism to their favourite model than in adapting this strange little cluster of rural democracies, urban oligarchies, and spiritual princes.

The old Swiss system had three main evils about it, all of which have now vanished. These were the laxity of the Federal bond, the inequality of rights throughout the country, and the legal recognition of foreign service, which at last grew into a gigantic system of bribery on the part of foreign Powers, chiefly on that of France.

The Federal tie was of the very laxest kind. The founders of the old League had no idea of forming a government. They knew the local governments of their own Cantons and they knew the supreme authority of the Emperor, but they did not dream of establishing any intermediate power at all answering our notion of a government. They simply formed, like other States of the Empire, a League for national defence. Into that League the old Cantons were gradually admitted, by no means with a perfect equality of rights. There was no one Federal constitution, but only a mass of particular treaties, by virtue of which such a town or district was admitted on such terms as were thought good at the time. A Federal Government, with real coercive power, was not thought of. In the best times of the League it was hardly wanted; the old Federal spirit supplied the want of any strict Federal law. But as that spirit died away, especially when the Reformation split Switzerland into two distinct bodies, the laxity of the Federal tie became apparent. It was preserved, partly because it was so very lax that it was hardly worth snapping, partly because of the districts which were subject to the League, or to most of its Cantons, in common. When the French came, the Federal spirit seemed utterly to have died out. Bern, Schwyz, Nidwalden, made a noble resistance to the invader, but Switzerland, as Switzerland, made no resistance at all. The sad experience of those times showed the need of tightening the bond; but the experience of the "Unitarian" constitution showed that to tighten Federation into consolidation went too far the other way. The present Constitution hits the golden mean between the two.

The subject districts were the curse and disgrace of the country; yet, if we are right in thinking that their existence was one main cause of the League keeping together at all, we must recognise the incidental good of a vicious system. The word "subject," in the Swiss sense, bears a very different meaning from the word "subject" under a monarchy. In a constitutional monarchy "subject" simply means "citizen"; the Greek equivalent is not *σῶν* but *πολίτης*. A subject, in the Swiss use of the word, was *υἱέρος* in the strictest sense. A subject town or district might possess municipal rights, but only municipal rights; the sovereignty was vested in some other town or district, or in several other towns or districts in partnership. When Bern, for instance, bought or conquered the possessions of this or that feudal lord, the city, as a city, entered into the exact position of that lord. If the town or district had any municipal rights, Bern was bound to respect them, but the sovereignty was in Bern only; in all matters of

general interest the subject district had nothing to do but to obey. This sort of government is essentially bad, because it is exposed to greater temptations than any other kind of government to become essentially selfish. The interests of a prince and the interests of his people are to a great extent the same; a dynasty which is at all tolerable will call forth the feeling of hereditary loyalty, and a really good prince will call forth the feeling of personal affection. But it is hard to arouse either of these feelings towards the government of a distant republic, in whose liberties the governed have no share. There is no special ignominy where all are subjects of one common master, but there is something specially galling when the inhabitants of one town or district are subject to the inhabitants of another town or district who have no natural claim to superiority over them. The freer the governing body, the more galling is the contrast between the freedom of the rulers and the bondage of the ruled. Why should not the men of Gaster be as free as the men of Schwyz? The yoke of the democratic Cantons was in every way heavier than that of the aristocracies. The bailiwicks to which the several Cantons nominated in turn were always better off when their governor came from Bern or Zürich than when he came from Uri or Appenzell. To the small democracies the subject districts were simply sources of income; the bailiwicks were practically put up to auction in the *Landesgemeinden*, and the bailiff of course repaid himself in his government. A Bernese patrician might rule well or ill according to his personal character, but there was no inherent taint about his appointment, almost driving him to misgovernment. He belonged to a ruling order which had experience in State affairs, and to a proud nobility which had a character to preserve. The common bailiwicks were therefore the worst off. Good administration was almost impossible, and good legislation, where a lax Federal Diet was the only legislature, was almost equally impossible. Next came the Romance-speaking dominions of Bern, the present Canton of Vaud, and other countries in the like position. Here the actual administration was better; but the general galling feeling of subjection was heightened by the dominion being distinctly foreign, and by the belief that the country, under its Savoyard princes, had enjoyed a greater degree of freedom. The German districts of Bern showed the subject relation in its least repulsive form. In some parts the Bernese nobles were much in the position of country gentlemen on their estates; in any case the dominion was not foreign, and the administration was not scandalously oppressive. The Bernese aristocracy, illiberal as it was in maintaining its own exclusive—we must add usurped—powers, was by no means ignorant or neglectful of the general duties of rulers. The difference between the "Welsh" and German districts was shown when the day of trial came. Vaud fell away at the first touch, but the German peasants of Bern fought as gallantly as the freemen of Schwyz and Nidwalden. The Revolution abolished all these distinctions; the Restoration only partially revived them; and now they have vanished again, doubtless for ever.

The foreign service, looked at with the eyes of those times, was less odious than it seems to be now. But it was a monstrous evil, degrading the whole nation, and rendering a dignified or independent policy almost impossible. It was not merely that individuals largely served as mercenaries, but that capitulations with the governments supplied foreign Powers with Swiss soldiers, while the governments and the leading men received pensions which in fact were bribes. But, universal as the system became, there was a strong undercurrent against it which ever and anon comes to the surface. And it is worth inquiring whether the absence of representative government may not have done something to foster the evil. In some Cantons, as in the primitive democracies, the people were the government; in the aristocracies they were excluded from all share in the government. There was no Canton where the people, without being the government, had a legitimate influence on the government. In a small democracy it was possible to bribe, directly or indirectly, the whole people; in an aristocracy it was enough to bribe the government. But in a State with a representative constitution, say the present Canton of Bern, it is not enough to bribe the government, and it is impossible to bribe the whole people. A representative government carries with it the seeds of corruption in other ways, but it seems a complete safeguard against corruption of this particular kind.

With all these disadvantages, the country made wonderful advances in many ways, and there was a vast amount of intellectual life at work. Unluckily, too many of the eminent men of whom Switzerland in that age was so fertile found employment in other countries rather than in their own. Altogether we think it is plain that the final effect of the Revolution and its consequences in Switzerland has been the very remarkable one of sweeping away the main evils of the old system for ever, while whatever was good in it found means, when the storm was over, to take root afresh and to develop into a better life.

COCKFIGHTING.

WHEN Mr. Grantley Berkeley condescended to set before the world some time ago a portrait of the true English gentleman as drawn by himself, he described a taste for cock-fighting as one of the perfections of the character. Mr. Berkeley's amusements, so far as we recollect, were once interrupted by the treacherous malice of a neighbour, Mr. Berkeley's neighbours

having a singular disposition towards malice and treachery; and the story ended by his triumphant exit from a police-court amidst the cheers of the British mob, to whose capacities of hero-worship his exploits were admirably adapted. We had supposed that in this, as in some other respects, Mr. Berkeley was a faithful Abdiel. He seemed to be the type of a race expiring like the Maoris or the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land. One or two rare specimens might be found in a few clubs, or be seen on sunny days in St. James's Street. Their manners and customs might be guessed at from such books as Captain Gronow's Recollections, or from the diaries and memoirs of the reign of George IV. But they were rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, and becoming mere food for the historical novelist. It seems, however, that they are not without more modern representatives, if we may draw an inference from the continued vitality of one of their peculiar mysteries. Their modern disciples labour under considerable difficulties. Two or three, however, of the class described by our sporting contemporaries as Corinthians still cling to the sport of cockfighting with undaunted pluck. We have seen the practice recommended in books of sport, much as cricket is now, for its tendency to bring together all classes of society; and we may hope that a sense of the importance of this social duty tended somewhat to console the gallant officers concerned for being apprehended in the back-room of a pothouse, in company with every variety of publican and sinner. They will find few other topics of consolation at being detected in an amusement which is now almost as disreputable as it deserves.

It is rather curious to reflect upon the distance which separates the present tone of feeling from that of a generation or two back. In many respects we have not drifted very far from our immediate predecessors. Steam, and electric telegraphs, and penny papers, and the various idols before which we are daily requested to bow down and worship, have only produced trifling modifications in some parts of human nature. A good many humbugs, and a good many crying evils, manage to subsist in slightly different forms. Threatened institutions live long. War manages to linger on, and political corruption has not been entirely extinguished even by the Reform Bill. It seems, however, as if we had turned a critical angle in our course, from which the fall absurdity of a certain class of institutions has been suddenly revealed to us. The sudden and almost alarming growth of an over-sensitive decorum has its good points. If it has made us unduly squeamish on certain topics, it has completely killed off some noxious plants. The weeds of a stronger and coarser growth have only slightly modified their appearance, but those which were already in a precarious state have been suddenly and decisively exterminated. Thus cockfighting, though it appears to exercise an attraction of mysterious intensity upon its devotees, was attractive only to a limited number. It was beloved by just that class whose manners have been most rapidly changed. The gentleman who realized for the demagogues of sixty years back their ideal of a "bloated aristocrat" were very estimable in their way, but they had many habits which have already become utterly incomprehensible. The three-bottle men who have lately gone out of fashion are supposed to have bequeathed the gout to their descendants. We suffer vicariously for the grossness of their feeding, and for their addiction to port wine which fulfilled the requisites of being black, and thick, and making one drunk. Considering the close connexion between the digestive faculties and the moral perceptions, it is not improbable that a similar process has affected our views of propriety. Our fathers did the cockfighting, and bequeathed to us the sense of disgust. The probability of this physiological law is strengthened by the harmony between an amusement implying such singular hardness of feeling and the system of feeding of its patrons. Mr. Buckle delighted to trace the effects of eating rice upon the national character of the Hindoos, and of eating blubber upon that of the Esquimaux. He might have established a close connexion between the roast beef of Old England and the national sports of cockfighting, bullbaiting, and bearbaiting. A description of a dinner of philosophers a century ago records that, after huge joints of beef and mutton, washed down by porter, the company attacked port and madeira, stimulated thereto by cheese; that champagne was then introduced, which put every one in a good humour; and that, after the champagne, coffee was taken, and after the coffee, brandy and rum. The guests then departed at half-past seven to a meeting of the Royal Society. Now it is obvious that men fed in this manner must have possessed a set of digestive organs materially different from our own; a banquet of which the mere description is enough to make a modern reader dyspeptic had no effect upon them beyond that of transmitting the gout to their descendants. It would be easy to deduce the general nature of the amusements of such a race. They must be tolerably exciting, for it is evident that men accustomed to such powerful stimulants could not appreciate any delicate flavour; something strong and spicy is wanted to rouse a man containing great masses of beef, and a mixture of porter, madeira, champagne, and rum. Further, there need be no fear of anything grating upon the nerves of such men, for they could not possibly have possessed any nerves to speak of. And, whatever might be the nature of their morning amusements, those of the afternoon must be compatible with absolute inaction on the part of the spectators. In fact, we believe that if we were to pen up a bishop, and feed him skillfully, for six months, he would develop a craving for cockfighting. In earlier ages it was doubtless the most appro-

priate amusement to see a heretic burnt; this, too, had the additional peculiarity—one which is never more valued than in the placid stage which succeeds a satisfactory dinner—of diffusing a comfortable glow over the conscience of the spectator. Unable to secure a heretic, the victim of our experiment would delight in any spectacle involving a contest, with enough blood and wounds to be exciting, and capable of being seen without exertion. It is true that cockfighting is pursued with excessive eagerness in countries like Mexico, where the system of living is of a different kind. But there the indolence which results from climate and national character supplies one of the necessary elements, and the Spanish race have a sufficient natural taste for the sight of blood not to require the stimulants necessary for the milder Englishman. When cockfighting was once fashionable, persons of a milder turn would soon overcome their natural repugnance; for many disgusting sights become exceedingly attractive, like olives, if you can once get over the first tendency to nausea. Professor Wilson, we are told in his biography, converted his drawing-room at Ellera into a cockpit, although he was certainly a man of more than average sensibility; but he probably acted from a morbid affectation of hardness, like that which has animated the modern sect of Muscular Christians.

We need not argue in favour of the present sentiment on this point. It implies, no doubt, that we are more sensitive than our forefathers; and perhaps the severe trials to which they subjected their nerves and digestions may have left ours to be, in some respects, unduly delicate. In this direction, however, there seems to be little danger. So long as manly sports in which no brutality is involved continue to rise in favour, and those in which nothing but brutality is involved continue to die out, we need not complain of either process. The only question can be, whether we ought to help it by legislation. There is a good deal of room for moral casuistry as to whether people should be fined 5*l.* for cockfighting, or simply exposed to general contempt. If we accept the canon that people should be allowed to act as they please in their own concerns, it seems hard that cockfighters should be punished. If a gentleman, instead of going to church on a Sunday morning, should prefer to retire to his own rooms and refresh his wearied spirit by a cockfight or a badger-bait, society has no particular claim to interfere. The taste may be peculiar, but its indulgence hurts no one but himself. Even if a certain natural affinity collects a few butchers, small tradesmen, and British officers to pursue the sport in common, other people, it may be said, have no right to complain. We cannot interfere on the mere ground of humanity to the cocks, any more than we should protect pigeons against shooting-matches. It may, therefore, be disputed whether a practice ought to be put down simply because it is disgraceful and brutalizing in the opinion of all but a very small class, when that class practises it strictly in private. Without discussing general principles, it is obvious that society has in this case one great advantage—namely, that the practice can be put down. Laws directed against most private vices would either fail entirely of effect or drive the vice, as it were, inwards. A law against drunkenness, in the present state of morality, would only lead to a great deal of evasion, in addition to an equal amount of intoxication. People would get drunk in private, and on liquor of an inferior kind. And this is one of the strongest arguments, though frequently said to be an exploded commonplace, against religious persecution. It is indeed said, and accurately, that the true religion has been put down by persecution. Albigenes, Lollards, Hussites were put down. Protestantism was rooted out in the Southern countries of Europe. But it is not the less true that religious persecution fails of producing anything but a very superficial result. Some of the new creeds died out because they were totally unsuited to the soils in which they were planted. The persecution, no doubt, killed them off quicker; but it is hard to suppose that Spaniards would not have continued to worship the Virgin, and that Englishmen would not have revolted from the Pope, even if the fire and sword had not come to the assistance of their faith. In other cases, the superficial manifestation of heresy might be suppressed, but only to the greater injury of the established faith. The open Protestantism only disappeared below the surface to be transformed into covert scepticism. If, in short, the heresy attacked is a symptom of a profound current of national thought, the persecution will only affect its external appearance; if it is a mere surface current, persecution will only suppress it a little before its natural end. We would rather rest the argument against persecution on its impotence than on its impolicy, though both are sufficiently obvious. To make a rapid descent from heresy to cockfighting, from the extirpation of tigers to the cracking of fleas, the converse principles seem to hold good. We can effectually suppress cockfighting because its admirers are too disreputable to be made into martyrs. We shall be sure of obtaining the verdict, Served them right. The passion for the sport has sunk so low that a little additional infamy will put it down; it meets with so little sympathy, that appearance in a police-court is certain to add to its disfavour. No one will ever be likely to brag of having been fined 5*l.* for his devotion to his favourite amusement. Considering that the disreputable nature of the sport cannot seriously be considered an open question, and that the injury done, if any, will be done to an abstract principle, we should be very much disposed to put cockfighting down first, and argue whether we were right afterwards.

THE WORKING-MAN AT BRADFORD.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Fawcett has the knack of wielding at will the fierce democracy of Brighton, he must, on the whole, find it much pleasanter to air his oratory among the more peaceful artisans of Bradford. It is a grand thing to be able to control a mob of raging roughs, but in an ordinary way he must prefer addressing an audience clothed and in their right mind. And at Bradford one escapes the slight damage to a man's self-respect which cannot but come of vehemently roaring out, amid a shower of brickbats, boulders, and scurrilous abuse, congratulations to a noisy rabble upon their sagacity, their moderation, and their tolerant respect for adversaries. Nothing can be more soothing to all the parties concerned than to tell a couple of thousand decent and well-conducted people that they are very worthy and superior folk, and then to have the compliment returned by "loud cheers" and votes of thanks passed with "much enthusiasm." *Sed servus curru portatur eodem.* In the decorous triumph of the non-electors of Bradford, Mr. Fawcett's joy must have been damped by the recollection of the scene at the last Brighton election. "I only wish," he exclaimed, "that the Conservative members of the House of Commons and the half-hearted Liberals had been present to hear how a working-man can speak on the subject of Reform." Half-hearted Liberals are more troubled about the way the working-man would act than as to how he can speak. And in his delight at the exemplary exhibition made by the non-electors at Bradford, Mr. Fawcett may have dimly remembered that it was the non-electors of Brighton who temporarily disabled an unpopular candidate and gave their excellent Mayor a black eye. After all, it is only fair to look on both pictures. Mr. Fawcett would be justly indignant if any one took his rowdy patrons or pets at Brighton as typical of the class whom he wishes to see enfranchised. It is certainly not less unreasonable to palm off a picked audience in a good temper as emblematic of the intelligence and amiability with which a dominant majority would let minorities have a just share in the government of the country. "So anxious," we are told, "were the promoters to render the meeting what it professed to be—a working-men's demonstration—that the resolutions were drawn up, and proposed and seconded, by members of their body, a working-man also being elected chairman." The idea of "promoters" in connexion with a nominally spontaneous gathering is a little ominous. The word is at present disagreeably suggestive of a bubble company with limited liability. There cannot be much difficulty in any large manufacturing town in getting up a respectable demonstration in favour of anything under the sun, and working-men have probably no more objection to being pleasantly excited by talk about Parliamentary Reform than by talk about any other subject. After a hardish day's work in a factory or a warehouse, eloquent perorations are by no means contemptible refreshment, and it is naturally as great a comfort to a Yorkshire operative as it is to most other people to be told that he is a paragon of moral and intellectual excellence, and that he is being defrauded of his rights. There is nothing more satisfactory, in the present condition of human nature, than to have one's grievances expatiated upon, to be hugely sympathized with, and to hear one's betters roundly abused. The prospect of combined eulogy and commiseration would attract an audience on any sort of subject.

The exact significance of what excited partisans call "monster gatherings" must be discovered by comparing them with monster gatherings for other objects. By this standard the people at Bradford care to hear working-men, and barristers, and Mr. Fawcett talk on Reform about one-tenth as much as they would care to hear Signor Gavazzi talk about the Pope of Rome, or Mr. Edward Harper dilate upon the horrors of Tractarianism, or Mr. Spurgeon prescribe the proper attitude of this country in the affairs of Poland or in the Schleswig-Holstein question. The fact of a certain number of hundreds of artisans having come together to hear other artisans propose and second resolutions does not in itself mean very much. How many thousands or millions put their names to the petition which Mr. Fergus O'Connor presented to the House of Commons amidst inextinguishable laughter? It would be much more instructive and interesting to know what the working-men said on such an occasion. Notwithstanding the devices of promoters and prompters, a good deal would be pretty sure to crop out for which a more extended publicity would not be considered expedient. The reporters say that all the chief speakers, except Mr. Fawcett, were working-men. Yet Mr. Fawcett's speech is the only one which has been deemed worthy of publication. We all knew what Mr. Fawcett would say on such an occasion. Anybody could have predicted beforehand what line he would take. He was sure to say that this was the most important demonstration that had yet been held in favour of Reform; that Mr. Cobden's death was very deplorable; that the Lancashire operatives had displayed unexampled fortitude in a time of unexampled adversity; that the working-classes were not a homogeneous mass, but had as many differences among themselves as they had with reference to the other parts of the community; and that Mr. Gladstone was the future champion of the cause of Reform. And this is exactly what Mr. Fawcett did say. But if the speeches made by the working-men were full of the mellow wisdom, deep political gravity, and respectful tolerance of adverse opinion invariably attributed to these model beings, such speeches would be far more convincing than anything that Mr. Fawcett could say. As it is, however, all we know is that they passed

resolutions expressive of admiration of the late Mr. Cobden, of detestation of the present Government, and of hopes that Reform would be conceded to their requests. Reform, with the non-electors of Bradford, or with their "promoters," means "equal distribution of members in proportion to population and property," vote by ballot, triennial Parliaments, and extension of the franchise to every male householder or lodger liable to be rated for the relief of the poor. The programme is familiar enough in the Northern districts, and Mr. Fawcett would seem not to object to it, although its provisions are considerably more extreme than he has as yet distinctly admitted to be desirable. But, as the one cultivated person in a large assembly, he would probably in any case feel a diffidence in venturing to dispute or modify the positions of the majority. This is typical enough of what will come to pass in our democratic old age. Few candidates will have the courage to imitate Mr. Mill; and if a man wishes to acquire a reputation as the friend of the working-classes, he will perhaps do well not to cavil at such little matters as the ballot, or triennial Parliaments, or equal electoral districts, or anything else which his patrons choose to demand. But it requires no superhuman penetration to see that the Reform which Mr. Fawcett talked about is a very different thing from that which was present to the minds of the promoters of the meeting. That modest six-pound franchise which he advocated, apparently for the reason that it would only add 200,000 voters to the lists, is notoriously looked upon as an ungenerous instalment of an infinitely larger due. There is a wide gulf between a 6*l.* franchise and a rating suffrage; but the only virtue of the former, in the eyes of Mr. Fawcett's temporary friends, is that it is a step in the direction of the latter, and of something else much further off than either.

"You, working-men," said Mr. Fawcett, "have no representative of your interests in the House of Commons, no member who is returned by your votes." The argument from this was that, in any question in which the interests of capital clashed with those of labour, the working-man would go to the wall. But the statement itself received a curious comment in one of the resolutions. The meeting protested that "when the Liberal members appealed to the country, asserting that they would endeavour to carry a measure of Reform, the non-electors heartily responded to that appeal, and used their best endeavours to return them to Parliament." In other words, the interests and opinions of the non-electors, in the matter of Reform at all events, were represented. The non-electors did return a member, not indeed by their votes, but by "using their best endeavours" in some less direct way. And if they could use their endeavours to return members to Parliament on the question of Reform, they are not less able to bring their weight to bear on other questions. This inconsistency is perhaps the most instructive thing about the meeting. On the one hand, there is Mr. Fawcett declaiming about "the derogatory position of feeling that they had no voice in the free representative country in which they lived," and on the other, there are the non-electors themselves reproaching the Liberal members with forgetfulness of the class by whose influence they were returned. Indeed, the pressure of the non-electors in any of the great Northern towns is patent. Nobody could prosecute a canvass in one of those boroughs for a day without discovering the voice of the non-electors in this "free representative country." Their power is, of course, in a measure weakened by being brought to bear indirectly, instead of directly. But this comparative weakness may not, for all that, be more than is essential to counterbalance what would otherwise be the overwhelming force of mere numbers.

The fact on which Mr. Fawcett appears to lay most stress is that the franchise is withheld from those "who produce the wealth of the nation." As if the quality of being able to "produce" wealth is in itself any guarantee of political capacity. Anybody in the world with a healthy frame can produce wealth, if other people will supply him with the materials. The point to be shown is, not that the working-classes produce wealth, but that they know how to acquire it for themselves. The production of wealth does not necessarily imply the slightest fitness for the discharge of political duties. The fact, on the other hand, that a man has not only added something to the general stock, but has, by the practice of one or two tolerably common virtues, made a portion of the general stock his own, may indicate a certain measure of worth. Mr. Fawcett talks as if those who produce the wealth of the country—"helped to produce" would be a better expression in the mouth of a Professor of Political Economy—were by some constitutional principle for ever disqualified and debarred from gaining the franchise. This kind of talk, though very common, involves a patent fallacy, and a fallacy of a very mischievous and inflammatory sort.

AN ARCHIDIACONAL FUNCTION.

ON Tuesday last Mr. Bouverie obtained leave to bring in a Bill which, however unimportant in itself, deserves notice as a specimen of an objectionable kind of legislation, supported, in this instance, by an equally objectionable line of advocacy. For the last two years attempts have been made at long and uncertain intervals to effect a union, under the Act of 1860, of the City rectories of All Hallows Lombard Street and St. Benet Gracechurch with St. Leonard Eastcheap. As the population of the two parishes is only 805, while the Church of All Hallows Lombard Street has room for 800 persons, there is no reasonable doubt that this is a very proper case for the exercise of the powers provided by the Act; nor is there any fault to be found with the

proposal to appropriate part of the proceeds to be derived from the sale of the site of the disused church to the creation of a new district in the populous parish of Stepney. Under these circumstances it seems strange that any obstacles should have been discoverable in the way of carrying the scheme into effect; and, indeed, so far as we are able to follow what took place, no material difficulty would have arisen if it had not been, in the first instance, for a very needless caution on the part of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The proposal, as it originally came from the Bishop of London, provided for the demolition of the disused Church of St. Benet Gracechurch, and the sale by tender of the site and materials. Here, however, the peculiar experience of the Ecclesiastical Commission was found to exercise a very decided and, as it turned out, a very disastrous influence on their reception of the scheme. We can quite understand that, after their dealings with episcopal palaces, they found it very hard to conceive that any piece of ground could realize the price at which it was originally valued. The Commissioners had been accustomed to buy in the dearest market and sell in the cheapest, and, if the intended sale had been of a site and materials previously purchased by themselves, their distrust of the result would doubtless have been perfectly in place. To a body of gentlemen who have invariably found an unexpected discrepancy arising between their own estimate of their property and other people's, a modest diffidence as to the upshot of any sale whatever is neither ungraceful nor uncalled for. But they might have remembered that the centre of the City stands commercially in a somewhat different position from those sequestered solitudes in which they were once so fond of locating the chief shepherds of the Church of England; and considering that the objects which it was proposed to provide for out of the proceeds of the sale would necessitate an expenditure of, at the outside, 20,000*l.*, it looks very like indulging in groundless apprehensions to imagine that a piece of ground measuring ninety feet by forty could possibly fail to fetch considerably more than the amount which would be wanted. To this ill-timed scepticism, however, is apparently to be attributed the alteration which the Commissioners thought proper to introduce into the scheme. They doubted, we suppose, whether any purchaser could be found to give a good price for land in the City, unless he had the excitement of visible competition to spur him on; and accordingly, when, after fourteen months' delay, the scheme ultimately left Whitehall Place, it contained a provision for the sale of the site and materials of the Church of St. Benet Gracechurch, not as in the Bishop of London's draft, "by tender," but "by public auction."

We cannot, we confess, see any very grave objection to this change in the method of sale. It is urged, indeed, that there is some peculiar taint of irreverence which attaches itself to a sale by auction; but, on the other hand, we are at a loss to detect any specially august or sacramental character about the process of opening tenders. Still it might have been thought that, in working a new principle of utilizing church sites, and one which had met with considerable opposition in the process of becoming law, the Commissioners would have dealt as tenderly as possible with any scruples of conscience, or even with any eccentricities of taste and feeling, which might be drawn forth by their initial proceedings. And, even if this would be too great a concession to expect from a public department, they might at least have recognised that the official persons whose consent is made necessary by Act of Parliament to the validity of any sale at all have a fair claim to be heard upon the details of the manner in which such sale is to be carried out. Whether, therefore, the Archdeacon of London acted wisely or unwisely in the course he adopted seems altogether beside the point. He had a perfect right to object to the project being carried out in the particular fashion proposed, and he had the more excuse for doing so, that the words which he disliked formed no part of the original scheme, but had been "foisted into it"—we are indebted to Mr. Bouverie for this elegant and appropriate expression—in its passage through the Commissioners' Office. Accordingly, on the 7th of last December, Archdeacon Hale wrote to the Bishop of London that he made "no objection to the taking down the church and disposing of the site," but that "there are different ways of doing the same thing, and the disposing of the dead body of a church should be with reverence, analogous to that with which we treat the dead bodies of those we love." Of course it is quite open to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to call this a piece of silly sentiment, or to deny, as we should be disposed to do ourselves, that there is anything in a sale by auction specially calculated to offend any feeling of the kind. But on these points the Archdeacon was, after all, the sole judge; and it is very difficult to see how, in refusing his consent to the scheme, except on condition of the words "by public auction" being struck out, he was making any illegitimate or unreasonable use of the discretion which Parliament had thought fit to vest in him. Unfortunately, however, the only way in which the concession he required could be made was to obtain a supplemental Order in Council; and when the Bishop of London forwarded the Archdeacon's refusal to the Commissioners, he expressed a hope that, as this course would be attended with considerable delay, they might "be able to meet the objection by some other means." How long it takes to obtain a supplemental Order in Council we do not know, but it must be a singularly lengthy process if it would not have been shorter than the one which the Commissioners have preferred in its stead.

Perhaps, however, their acquaintance with the mode in which work is got through in their office has led them to a different conclusion. At all events they have endeavoured to "meet the Archdeacon's objection" by the introduction of a Bill enabling them for the future to dispense with his consent altogether. If this modest proposal is adopted, we can only hope that the principle of requiring certain consents to be given to a sale of a church site will be at once surrendered in its entirety. For anything that appears to the contrary, this is the first occasion on which the Archdeacon of London has exercised the power entrusted to him; and he has done so in this instance, not to defeat the scheme altogether, but merely to obtain a modification of one, and that a very unimportant, detail in it. His letter to the Bishop of London states most distinctly that he "makes no objection to the taking down the church and disposing of the site," and, though the Commissioners assert that, at an interview which took place somewhat later, "the Archdeacon expressed his entire dissent from the principle of the scheme," it does not follow from this that he had any intention of withholding his formal consent to it. And besides this unequivocal assurance to the Bishop of London, Mr. Collins told the House of Commons on Tuesday that he had the Archdeacon's authority for saying that, "although the Union of Benefices Act was not a measure he should have originated, still he did not object to assist in carrying out its objects; and he would have given his sanction to the sale of the church in question provided it were not disposed of by public auction." And if the object of the Bill is objectionable, Mr. Bouverie's method of defending it does not invest it with any additional charms. He coolly informs us that "the consent of the Archdeacon was foisted into the Bill during its passage through the House." In Mr. Bouverie's estimation, apparently, the contents of an Act of Parliament are only valuable so far as they happen to coincide with the intentions of the original introducer of the measure. Any addition which is made in Committee is merely something "foisted into" the Bill, which is to be got rid of by the side wind of an amending Act at the first convenient opportunity. Unfortunately for the entire success of this theory, it has usually been held in courts of law that the Act, and not the Bill, is the really important document; and the legislative authority of the House of Commons is generally supposed to be vested in the whole body of its members, and not confined to Mr. Bouverie in his capacity of representative of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Perhaps the rejection of his present proposal may help to clear its author's views on these points of constitutional law; and we trust that the House of Commons will not neglect so valuable an opportunity of promoting the spread of political education among the neglected inhabitants of Whitehall Place.

CALCUTTA.

MR. JOHN STRACHEY, the President of a Sanitary Commission in Bengal, wrote thus of Calcutta a little time ago in an official report:—"In the filthiest quarters of the filthiest towns that I have seen in other parts of India, or in other countries, I have never seen anything which can be for a moment compared with the filthiness of Calcutta." To any one who has not seen and smelt the heap of showy houses and mud huts which is called the "city of palaces," this language may seem extravagant. To any one who has, it will appear rather to understate the evil. The true Eastern smell—that acrid, pungent, clinging odour which first seizes upon the traveller at Cairo, and increases in intensity the further he travels towards the East—is only found in true perfection in Calcutta. Shopkeepers advertise a perfume called "Oriental Essence." If they had ever been in the East, they would know that this name is not calculated to sell their wares. The sewage of an enormous native population lies festering under an appalling sun in open trenches, which run on either side of the streets, and are called "drains." These drains have no outfall, but the mass of filth which they contain is turned out occasionally upon the road—black, fetid, and ghastly—and is ultimately carried off by sweepers. The streets are saturated with these abominations, and the air is filled with the poisons which they give forth. What the mortality is in that famous city it is impossible to tell, for there is no registration of births or deaths. But every one who lives in it knows that dysenteric diseases are as common there as colds are here; that terrible fevers sweep away thousands of natives at periodical intervals; that a pestilence ten times as destructive as the so-called "plague" in Russia has actually been raging for two years in a great part of Lower Bengal, without exciting the smallest attention in England; that cholera is endemic, and at this time of year often epidemic; and that the Europeans are constantly obliged to seek change in the hills, or to return home with shattered health and a half-ruined constitution. There are parts of Delhi where the filth of the world seems to have been shot, so disgusting are they to the sight and smell. In the bazaars of Lucknow you seem to be cleaving your way through a wall of the horrible stench. In Umritsur the same everlasting odour seems to grow into palpable shape and form; in Lahore it literally nearly blinds and suffocates the stranger. But immeasurably more revolting than any of these are the native quarters of Calcutta, and even the very best of the English streets reek with poisonous gases in the hot weather. That life is uncertain in such a city, and that the strongest constitution must be sorely tried there, while a weak one is nearly sure to succumb, cannot be a matter of surprise. Some people do well enough in Calcutta. There are men

who are very hard to kill, not susceptible to fever, caring for nothing, able even to drink brandy by the pint under a tropical sun. But only a constitution of iron and nerves of steel can possibly come out of a long residence in the capital of our Indian Empire without sustaining vital injury.

Whatever may be said of the "imposing appearance" of Calcutta, there are only two really fine views to be gained from any part of it. The one is the grand sweep around the Maidan, which includes Chowringhee and the principal houses beyond, and which at night, when the lamps are lit, is as fine a prospect as any city can afford; and the other is the shipping in the river. When it is remembered that Calcutta does a trade of about 27,000,000*l.* per annum, and that the merchandise represented by this sum is carried chiefly in vessels of between 650 and 2,500 tons burden, a faint idea may be formed of the majestic line of ships which fills the right bank of the Hooghly. Fort William makes no show from the river, and the only public building of much prominence in Calcutta is Government House—a large rambling edifice, adorned inside with some bad pictures, having a marble hall which looks as if intended for a dancing academy, and famous chiefly for the inconvenience of its arrangements. Here Lord Canning, if Calcutta stories are true, had a European guard marched in after dark every night during the mutiny, although at the same time he was assuring the public that there was no cause for apprehension. Lord Elgin and Sir John Lawrence have only known Government House to run away from it as soon as the hot weather sets in. Calcutta, with its 750,000 inhabitants, as near as can be judged, is left for eight months to the local Government of Bengal. There are probably about 4,000 inhabitants of Calcutta who *think* in English—that is, including many East Indians. The mistake of choosing such a site for the capital has been over and over again demonstrated. It is 150 miles from the sea; the south wind, which is the life of Calcutta, blows over salt marshes on its way to the city; and every ten years it is liable to the destructive effects of a cyclone. The river is so excessively dangerous that ships cannot go up or down without more care and vigilance than are required in the Red Sea, and all vessels are obliged to shut their ports on passing one particular shoal, lest they should heel over and get filled—catastrophes which have repeatedly happened. Only last year an incoming mail steamer narrowly escaped instant wreck in this way, and had her ports been open when her keel caught on the shoal, she must have sunk. There is a noble and safe river called the "Mudlah," and a splendid port might be built upon it. The Government actually encouraged a railway to be made to it, and still pays the interest on the outlay, but by some unaccountable unwisdom it has done nothing towards making it possible for trade to go there. This is a fair type of local government in Bengal, and as it seems to be taken for granted that future Viceroy shall avoid Calcutta as though the plague were in it, the city is constantly likely to furnish scandals equal to that of the hospitals last year. The best houses in the place are fast falling into the hands of rich merchants, and magnificent buildings they are, with arrangements for personal comfort such as have not yet entered into the brightest visions of English architects. There is nothing but the climate to destroy a sense of comfort in India; for most people who have been there a few years have plenty of money, and the luxuries of the world come out packed in tins for their tables. Yet if anybody wants to feel the supreme weariness of life, he has only to go out to Calcutta and stop there a year or two alone.

Ladies are, as a rule, less injuriously affected by the climate of Calcutta than the men, but, on the other hand, its inroads upon them are more perceptible. The returned Indian who is told by his friends in England that he does not look as if he had been to India, because he is so pale, scarcely understands the remark. He has been used to see pale faces all around him in the cities of India, since exposure to the sun is at the best dangerous, and may be fatal. No one can have driven down the Strand of Calcutta, the "Rotten Row" of the city, without being struck with the worn, thin, wan faces of the ladies and children. It is true that there are few children in India, just as there are no old ladies, and few old men; and the children who are waiting to be sent home are more Indian than English, scarcely understanding a word of their own language, shy, awkward, and uncouth in manner, fractious without having any true English pluck or spirit, enervated, and foolish. An English child of five or six years old in Lower Bengal is not a pleasant object to see. He swears in Hindostanee, and has picked up all sorts of unpleasant tricks from servants. In the hills, or even in some parts of the plains in the upper provinces, children thrive moderately well; but in Calcutta they fade into thin white copies of their bearers or ayahs, and perish out of sight unless they are sent home. Thus it is that the dark cloud of separation hangs over nearly every family; the familiar countenances are in the album upon the table, but there are no children's voices in the house, and the pang of exile is embittered by the thought that the child grows up without the knowledge of the father's face. It is this which makes life in India more hateful than in any of the colonies; we cannot colonise the country—we can only settle there for one life. Yet, notwithstanding all its disadvantages, Calcutta is socially a pleasant city, the people being kindly and hospitable as only the English are in India. There are very rarely any public entertainments, and those which are given are a little short of the standard of a Whitechapel performance. The "burra khana," or big dinner, supplies the place of theatres, and at such gatherings people get plenty of food badly cooked, are stung mercilessly by

mosquitoes, listen to small civilian gossip, and abuse Sir John Lawrence for being "stingy." With the thermometer at 98°, animated discussions are not likely to arise, and unless some raw competition wallah volunteers to sing a song, nobody does anything remarkably absurd. It is probably the most genial society in the world, but for eight or nine months of the year enjoyment is very hard work. People must live indoors, and only get out for half an hour after sunset to gasp in the stifling air. The chief periodical out-door show is the arrival of a home steamer in the cold weather, when a cargo of maidens for the matrimonial market is always brought out. Upon these days bachelors who are "shivering on the brink" of the other state, and are tired of the loneliness of an Indian station, go down to the "P. and O." wharf at Garden Reach and inspect the new English faces—sometimes very pretty faces, but oftener bearing such marks of home wear as prove that the East is not tried until the chances elsewhere are rather bad. The picture is an odd one. Each "battery" of fair ones is under the charge of an experienced matron who answers for their conduct up to that point. As they land, they try to look utterly unconscious of their mission, and of the fact that they are open to an eligible offer within ten minutes after their arrival. Marriage is usually rapid work in India, but the last two cold seasons are said to have been so bad that it would be an act of good nature on our part to discourage further shipments at present. The fact is that India does not enhance female charms. The plump, round, lithe figure soon becomes sharp, angular, and stiff. Mosquitoes and Bengalee servants are not good for the temper, and as there is no Opera to go to, and nothing particular to talk about, it would be strange if the female nature did not sometimes get a little soured and very stupid. Yet it is in India that the true courage, self-denial, and affection of a good woman are constantly being shown—only that such women were never overland consignments to the market. It is a bad time for these fair adventurers now, however fair they may be; and as for those who have lost their bloom, they had better content themselves with teaching dirty little boys at home, for the days of promise for them are over.

Quite close to the European part of Calcutta is a place called "Bow Bazar." This is the sailors' quarter of the town, and even in this city it is remarkable for horrible smells and filth, for its dust, dirt, and diseases. The road is formed by successive layers of the material which in England is put into reservoirs and deodorized. This soil is deposited from year to year by the natives, without the slightest interference on the part of the police. The open drains are full of black putrid slime, and over these drains it is that the British seaman comes out to sit and booze and "eat" the air. Unspeakably dirty hovels, with "Welcome Home" painted on the door beneath a few gaudy flags, and the sinister head of an East Indian girl hanging out of the window, leering at the passers by—with a bar inside, and a few dirty glasses and mugs—these are the places, the *only* places, where a thirsty sailor can go for a drink and a smoke. There is a Sailors' Home, it is true; but, most unwisely, it is placed in this very "Bow Bazar," and of course the half-caste harpies carry the day against the benevolent institution. Poor Jack prefers to sit in the lap of his Aryan sister to reading a good tract in the other shop; and he stops fuddling himself with a detestable drink made by the natives from "Dholl," labelled Exshaw's brandy, sold at eight annas a bottle, and warranted to produce cholera if taken in sufficient quantities, until he finds himself in the big hospital close by, with a strong probability that he has seen the last of his ship and his Poll at Wapping. The poor fellows stagger out drunk from the dens in Bow Bazar, and by-and-by are picked up in the road, insensible from sun-stroke or a mortal disease. Very frequently one meets in this den of infamy a lump of something on the heads of four chowkeydars. It is foolish Jack interrupted in his "spree" by an attack of cholera; and the awful look on the man's face tells what his fate must be. From one house in Bow Bazar eleven cases of cholera were taken to the hospital in the course of a few weeks. The whole street must be a hotbed of disease. The sailor does not think of that, but rolls down it, glad to get ashore after a long voyage, drinks certain death at eight annas a bottle, is robbed by the black sirens of the neighbourhood, and goes back to his ship so stupefied with native drugs that two days out at sea are sometimes scarcely sufficient to work off the effects. According to Dr. Milroy, the mortality per thousand in the navy is forty-seven on East Indian stations, and only twenty-four on West Indian. The inhabitants of Chowringhee—a street lined on one side with the best houses in Calcutta, and fronted on the other by an open plain extending to the river—rarely see these slums, and the Calcutta municipality is simply a collection of wrong-headed men who muddle each other and do no earthly good for the public. The "bazars" where meat is sold are enough to turn the strongest stomach in India. Thus the nuisances of Calcutta flourish and grow, and if something is not done to arrest them life will scarcely be possible there for Europeans. At present the natives and the poorer English are the chief sufferers, but every now and then the "palaces" of Chowringhee are entered by the grim messenger, and another warning is given that sanitary laws cannot be disregarded with impunity. The remedy is to take Calcutta out of the hands of the Bengal Government, give it a Chief Commissioner armed with absolute powers, and thus do away with local jobs and sinecures. There is very little doubt that Calcutta is the most unhealthy, as it is the dirtiest, city in British India. It is nothing to the

point to allege that people do live there for many years at a stretch—it is so everywhere. Such persons say, "Look at the average of deaths among the Europeans—it is not very high." But they do not include—for they cannot—the number of English men and women who are compelled to leave the country with shattered constitutions, often in a dying state. It is the rule for a medical man in India, who despairs of saving his patient, to order him home. Frequently the sufferer is carried down to the steamer with scarcely the breath of life in him; and many of our countrymen have found their graves in the river ere yet their eyes were gladdened with the sight of the sea which lay between them and home. Many leave only to die, and the 150 miles of river kills them. It is, therefore, a deception to speak of the low rate of mortality in Calcutta. The dying men are not counted. The English burial-grounds at Aden—where the graveyard is surely the most melancholy sight in the universe—and at Cairo tell their own tale. The path to India is strewn with the bodies of our countrymen who risked all and lost all in the attempt to serve their country, or to gain an independence for themselves in the East. Not till the sea gives up its dead can it be told how costly India has been to us, or how many whose hopeful faces were turned towards the East were seen no more in the West. That we are ourselves partly responsible for the loss of life and health which takes place in India is quite certain. The natives are irreclaimably filthy in their personal habits, but it is in our power to do much to purify the large cities. Is it possible that we are to go on for ever in India learning nothing from the past?

THE NEWMARKET AND EPSOM MEETINGS.

THE scratching of Liddington for the Derby has created a profound sensation on the Turf. It is now more than ten months since this horse came out at Ascot, and during all that time he had held the place of first favourite for the Derby. When he won the New Stakes at Ascot, beating by ten lengths Grinder, who in this very week has run such a good second to Argonaut for the City and Suburban, he certainly had done something to entitle him to support for the Derby, although not perhaps to the excessive confidence which the public bestowed upon him. Liddington won another race at Ascot, and he beat The Duke twice at Newmarket, and he never ran at any other time. The horse showed both speed and pluck in his two-year-old races, and although a doubt was raised whether he would stay over a longer course, the answer seemed reasonable that a colt which did all he was asked to do at two years old would not be likely to disappoint his backers when he should be a year older. However, in the early part of last week those rumours which almost always precede great events began to prevail at Newmarket. It appears that Liddington had been tried with Zambesi and another of Mr. Merry's horses, and had satisfied his owner that he had no chance of winning the Derby. Hereupon Mr. Merry, desiring to remove from the public mind a delusion which might prove very costly, ordered the horse to be struck out without loss of time. Happily there is sometimes a great deal of talk to a very little business in the Ring, and therefore the quantity of money which has been heaped on Liddington may not be so enormous as would at first appear. But still the losses upon him must be exceedingly heavy; for every year increases public confidence in the skill with which Mr. Merry's stable is managed, and although skill may be found elsewhere, it is not always associated with honesty. The horse still remains in the Two Thousand, so that the public will perhaps have an opportunity of seeing what its dethroned favourite is really made of. But it can hardly be supposed that a horse which has no chance over a mile and half is likely to win over a mile. Second only in interest to the scratching of Liddington were the movements in reference to Breadalbane and Broomielaw. A report came from Yorkshire to Newmarket, that the pair had been tried together at Malton, and Broomielaw had shown himself the best. This report was for a time generally credited. It was supported by the fact that Broomielaw was struck out of the Two Thousand on the afternoon of Tuesday week. If Broomielaw really is better than Breadalbane, his owner might think it prudent to reserve him for the Derby. This reasoning seems plausible, although it may not be correct. We have said that the report of the Malton trial was generally credited, but perhaps it would be more correct to say that nobody was able to disprove it. Certainly it was not credited in this sense, that people on the strength of it backed Broomielaw for the Derby at a shorter price than Breadalbane. Nevertheless, Breadalbane declined considerably in the market, and the place of first favourite was taken by The Duke, who, after holding it for some days, has again yielded to Breadalbane. That Liddington should be succeeded in popular favour by a horse which he has twice beaten is surely very strange. But if all the noble and wealthy patrons of John Day's stable desire to "get on" The Duke, they cannot help bringing him to a short price. It must be supposed that The Duke has done well at home, and if he should do as well in public as another son of Stockwell, who was called The Marquis, did in 1862, his backers will be well rewarded for their confidence. It is not, however, recorded in history that The Marquis was twice beaten as a two-year-old. Almost alone of the prominent Derby horses, The Duke is not in the Two Thousand. But as his owner has bought

Kangaroo, who is in it, they ought to know pretty well at Danebury after next week what The Duke's chance of the Derby is really worth. Kangaroo won the Biennial Stakes last week at Newmarket, over the Two Thousand Course, in capital style. His performances as a two-year-old were nil, but he beat easily, for the Biennial, Koenig, whose performances as a two-year-old were considerable. As Koenig is under John Day's care, the Marquis of Hastings has the best means of knowing what he is, and therefore it may be supposed that the Marquis saw his way clearly to giving, as he did, 6,000*l.* for Kangaroo. The horse is now backed for the Two Thousand at 4 to 1, nor is it easy to show that he does not deserve this confidence. We should think, however, that his late performance has been rather overestimated. But what is to win this race if he does not? Those who back Breadalbane for the Derby ought to believe that he will win the Two Thousand if he starts for it, unless, indeed, they think that he requires rather more time to be got ready. It will be remembered that Blair Athol failed at York, when imperfectly prepared, to do that which he certainly could have done three weeks afterwards at Doncaster. The position of Archimedes and Ariel in the market indicates that they are well thought of at home. As Lord Stamford's trainer can try Archimedes with Cambuscan, he ought not to make any great mistake with him. Ariel is in John Scott's stable, where, if they want to know the measure of a Two Thousand winner, they can refer to General Peel. A colt by Voltigeur, out of The Wizard's dam, ought to have winning blood in his veins, but Ariel has never performed in public, and therefore it is idle to seek for certainty in what can be only matter of opinion. This remark applies equally to Archimedes. The supporters of Bedminster know that he won the Prendergast Stakes last October, and they have heard nothing since to his discredit. They are encouraged, too, by the gallant manner in which Argonaut carried Sir Joseph Hawley's colours to the front for the City and Suburban, beating Grinder, after a fine race, by a head.

So much for speculation on future events, arising out of the Craven Meeting held last week at Newmarket. The facts of that meeting deserve attention for themselves. The performance, already mentioned, of Kangaroo for the Biennial Stakes was highly meritorious. Koenig, on his last year's running, was regarded as having a good chance for the Two Thousand, although hardly equal to winning the Derby. But Kangaroo beat him easily by a length. Among eighteen other beaten horses was Audax, who won the Two-year-old Sweepstakes at Doncaster, getting before two or three good horses, rather to the surprise, as must be owned, of some spectators. The best sport of the Craven Meeting was furnished by the four-year-old contests, and it is encouraging to see that this genuine sort of racing grows in popularity, while the public is getting tired of backing a perpetual succession of "dead uns" for handicaps. There was a fine race between Cambuscan and Ely, which showed that Cambuscan had rather improved upon the excellent form he displayed last autumn, when he ran third for the St. Leger, and afterwards beat General Peel in a match, taking 2 lbs. allowance. Rather less than a year ago there were rumours of a great trial of Cambuscan, and Lord Stamford's party backed him for the Derby with a confidence which outsiders did not share. The outsiders had the best of it over the Derby, but nevertheless Lord Stamford was justified in thinking that he had got a good horse in his stable. The race between Cambuscan and Ely was followed by a race between another and more famous pair of four-year-olds. These were Fille de l'Air and General Peel, one of whom, as people thought, ought to have won, while the other did win, the Two Thousand last year. It is gratifying to find that this formidable mare can only just beat Lord Glasgow's splendid horse over the severe two-mile course which has to be run for the Claret Stakes. She had given a proof of her quality the day before by beating Mr. Merry's Mostissima filly over a mile and a half at 2 st. 3 lbs. for a year. This filly is so well thought of as to be backed for the Chester Cup, and in some company she might be reckoned good. But Fille de l'Air beat her in a canter by three lengths. This indefatigable animal crossed the Channel at the end of the week, and on Sunday she won the prize for four-year-olds and upwards at the Paris meeting.

Compared with these four-year-old races, even the principal handicaps of the year are but tame affairs; unless, indeed, one has the skill and the opportunity to get money out of them. In the Newmarket Handicap our neighbours were great, although not fortunate, with Dollar, who gallantly carried 9½ st. into the second place. The winner, Accident, of the same year, carried 30 lbs. less. In the Metropolitan Stakes this week at Epsom, Dollar attempted to carry the same weight over a severe course of two and a quarter miles, but did not get placed. The performance of the winner, Planet, was highly creditable, as was also that which we have already noticed of Argonaut, who won on the previous day the City and Suburban. Nevertheless, when Planet started at Newmarket against Fille de l'Air and General Peel, he was beaten out of sight. The other proceedings at Epsom were not in themselves particularly interesting, except, indeed, the race for the Two-year-old Stakes, which may be reserved for consideration at the end of the season, which has now fully begun. It seems, from the betting on the course, that the effect of Breadalbane's defeat, or supposed defeat, in his trial has passed away, as he is again returned at the head of the list for the Derby. And as he is rather a better favourite than Kangaroo for the Two Thou-

sand, his starting for that race must be considered by his backers certain. So we are likely to know next week whether he has the speed, as well as the blood and colour and outward looks, of Blair Athol.

REVIEWS.

THE FRENCH GALLEYS UNDER LOUIS XIV.*

THE persecutions in France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were not so avowedly sanguinary as those of the Inquisition in Spain. The capital executions for religion may be soon reckoned up. In the next degree of punishment, however, the sufferers are to be counted by hundreds. Between 1685 and 1752, we are assured on the authority of recent researches, 7,370 Protestants were sent to the galleys. And they were sent to the galleys, not merely for being Protestants in France, but for trying to leave France, and carry away their errors with them. A Huguenot caught in the attempt to escape across the French frontier was, for this offence alone, condemned to the galleys for life. A zealous French Protestant, M. Henry Paulmier, has picked up in some library and reprinted an old book published in Holland in the last century, giving an account, written by one of those sufferers, of what life on board the galleys meant. It is a book of great interest. As a literary composition, it has so much force and spirit that suspicions intrude about its genuineness; but Michelet accepts it for what it professes to be. The narrative is written in that clear, direct, effortless, yet vivid manner of telling a story which belonged to the early part of the last century, and which seems since to have been lost—the manner of Swift, Defoe, and Le Sage. It is full of curious bits of real life and feeling, such as they were at the time, which are lost in the generalizations of the ordinary histories. Naturally enough, the writer is a man of strong opinions. But his accounts both of men and events are so straightforward, so free from any attempt at effect, so distinct and evenhanded, that we are made to feel quite at ease that his one thought was to put down things just as he saw them.

Jean Marteilhe, the writer, was a young man who was frightened away from Bergerac, in Perigord, by the proceedings of a certain Duke de la Force, who was the grandson of a great Huguenot leader in the wars of Henry IV., and was as strong for the Pope as his ancestor had been for Calvin—one of those descendants of Protestants, so numerous in the days of Louis XIV., who atoned for the zeal of their grandfathers on the fallen side by their own zeal for the triumphant one. He had come down to his dukedom with a commission, which he had solicited at Court, to convert the Huguenots of his neighbourhood. His mode of dealing with them was very summary, and, it appears, not ineffectual. A great noble in his own country, backed by the royal authority, could make his hand very heavy, not merely on the vassals of his own estates, but on the more independent *bourgeois* of the royal towns. Heretics were summoned before him at his mansion, threatened, made to argue with clever Jesuits and be put to silence, and, if they were obstinate in refusing to sign their abjuration, punished and tortured like criminals. For the townspeople he had the dragoons, who were billeted on them till they abjured, or their houses were stripped to the four walls. Marteilhe's family suffered like the rest, and he resolved to escape to Holland. He describes a regularly organized system by which the refugees made their way out of France, like the underground railway which we used to hear of in past times between the Southern States and Canada. It was not an easy thing in those days for people in Guyenne to know the proper route to Amsterdam and Geneva, and the passage of the frontier was attended with peculiar dangers and difficulties. A service of guides sprang up, whose business it was to conduct Huguenot fugitives through France, and over the border, to a place of shelter. This employment was well-known, and denounced as a capital offence by the Government, which hung every guide who was caught; but the trade still continued, and the account before us describes the shifts, the perils, and the self-possession and good-luck of one of the most active of these refugee conductors, "a famous and experienced guide from Amsterdam, called Le Gasconnet, who made a business of these perilous undertakings, and had at the tips of his fingers the map of all the roads and passages." There was not much difficulty in getting through France unmolested; the trouble began at the frontier. Jean Marteilhe and his companion, after some narrow escapes at an inn at Mezières and other places, had actually got safe across the frontier to a little village in the territory of Liège, on the road to Charleroi. But, unfortunately for them and for some of their companions, the line of frontier was intricate and ill-defined, and after crossing it out of France, the road led them over it again into France. Here an informer, who had been watching his opportunity, brought them before the French authorities, and, as they had no passports, they were put into prison, and proceedings were taken against them. Their case came in due course before the Parlement of Tournai, and at first there was no great disposition to press matters against them. They were allowed legal advice, and their defence did credit to their counsel's ingenuity. They said that there was no proof that they intended to leave France, for they had already been out of it at Couvé, in the territory of Liège, where they might have staid if they had pleased, and had come back into French territory again

at Mariembourg, where they were arrested. The President told them that it was not enough to prove that they had been at Couvé before being at Mariembourg, unless they could prove that they knew that Couvé was not French, which, he said, people from Guyenne were not very likely to know. Marteilhe was puzzled, but his companion, who had been barber in a regiment, and could present his discharge, boldly declared that he knew it from his regiment having been once stationed in the neighbourhood. The Parlement accepted his statement without inquiry, and reported favourably of their case. The report was forwarded to Paris, and it was supposed by every one that they would get off. But the King of France had a long arm. The answer from Paris was a letter from the Marquis de la Vrillière to the Parlement, "claiming, on the part of His Majesty, that the two prisoners, having been found on the frontier without a passport, should be condemned to the galleys." The presiding judge told them that their condemnation came from the Court and not from the Parlement, and that he washed his hands of it. Their sentence was that they had "been accused and convicted of making profession of the pretended Reformed religion, and of having taken steps to leave the kingdom, in order to profess it freely; in reparation of which, they were condemned to the galleys in perpetuity, and all their goods confiscated."

They met with various treatment from their gaolers, but on the whole they were looked upon as persons to be much pitied, and they received as much indulgence as could safely be shown them by the chief authorities while they were waiting to be sent off to the galleys. The chaplains of the prisons, and other ecclesiastics, tried what they could to convert them by argument or other inducements; and the different methods and characters of the priests who visited them, their combined eagerness to make proselytes and sincere compassion for the doom which the poor young men had incurred, are described, of course from the confessor's point of view, but very naturally and simply, and with some amusement. The dépot where prisoners condemned to the galleys were collected, till a sufficient number were gathered to form a "chain," was at Lille, whence they were sent to Dunkirk or Marseilles; and the governor of the prison put off sending them away as long as he could. At last he told them that they must take their choice to wait a little longer with the ultimate certainty of having to be sent on foot all across France in the chain of galley-slaves to Marseilles, or to go at once with the next gang, the last which was to be sent, to Dunkirk, to which the journey was much shorter, and one which he could make less fatiguing and painful to them. They were accordingly sent to Dunkirk, and their galley-slave life began.

Jean Marteilhe was a man of observation, and he has preserved what is probably one of the most detailed and complete accounts which we have of the galley of the seventeenth century, and of the working and use of this old-fashioned instrument of naval warfare, which, in an improved form, by the help of steam and iron-casing, and twin screws and artillery turrets, seems likely to come again into use. The galley was a shallow vessel, broad in the waist and very sharp at the bows, about 150 feet long, depending chiefly for its motive power on twenty-five huge oars on each side, each oar rowed by six galley slaves, and carrying in a fore-castle at the bow a long 36-pounder gun, and two smaller guns on each side of it, all mounted so as to fire forwards in the line of the keel. Each galley carried besides a hundred soldiers; and the whole crew, officers included, amounted to 500 men. Thus the galley had great speed, and was independent of the wind; it was very low in the water, and, firing end on, it presented a very small mark to the guns of an enemy; it could choose its position, and fire at long range, with comparative safety to itself; and as galleys usually fought in company, could move freely, and were full of men, they were dangerous antagonists to the largest ship under favourable conditions of weather. But in those days, and as they were then worked, three fatal disadvantages caused them to go out of use. They could only be employed for service in calm weather. They were—what we are coming to again—simple floating platforms for artillery; but, as they were then constructed, their oars could not work, and they were in danger of being syamped, in a rough sea. They were so low in the water that a sailing ship, carrying a wind, could easily run them down; and, even if the sea did not make them dangerous or unmanageable, they were of no use as soon as the wind rose, for, with the gunnery skill of the time, their special advantage of a long-range gun was unavailable except in smooth water. Then they were utterly without adequate accommodation for the numerous crews which they required; there was sitting-room for the rowers, and standing-room for the soldiers and sailors, but there was not much more, and at sea there was no cover for any one except for a few officers. They could not leave their port for more than two or three days, and they were calculated for nothing more than a dash out of it in fine weather, and an immediate return to it. Thus they could not act with fleets at sea, for the galleys could neither stand bad weather nor carry their crews for any length of time. The last disadvantage was the nature of their motive power. The three hundred chained slaves who supplied the place of the steam-engine of the modern war-ship were a more troublesome and dangerous machine. At all times they were treated like ferocious wild beasts, whom it was necessary to intimidate and keep up to their work by the most merciless severity. When the galley went into action, out of a hundred of the soldiers on board, fifty were employed in guarding against any attempt at revolt on the part of the slaves, on whom two guns were kept pointed at the same time; and, in spite of

* *Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères de France pour cause de Religion*. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1865.

those precautions, the officers were always more under apprehension about their "chiourme" than about the enemy. Then, in such a crowded space, and with not the least protection, the fire of the enemy, if it told at all, was frightfully destructive. The slaughter of galley slaves in itself was no such great matter. But whether they became insubordinate from terror or the hope of liberty, and had to be shot down by the soldiers on board, or whether the cannon balls of the enemy ploughed through their thickly packed benches, in either case the galley was fatally crippled. They were more fitted, in the judgment of the writer of this account, for the smooth water of the Mediterranean than for the rough tidal seas of the Channel; yet their defects were so great that nowhere could they be counted upon to cope with the improved sailing vessels and seamanship of the time, and as vessels of war they were not worth the heavy expense which they involved.

Six galleys worked in company from the harbour of Dunkirk; but all they did, while Jean Marteilhe was serving on board one of them for nearly twelve years, was to capture two or three becalmed men-of-war, which the wind chanced to fail in the neighbourhood of the coast. But, on the other hand, they were on one occasion terribly punished by a cunning Dutch admiral, who disguised his ships as Indiamen, and lured the galleys out a little further than usual from the land till he could take advantage of the wind to manœuvre against them. Yet, though surprised and suffering severely, their speed and shallow draught of water enabled them to escape from the sailing vessels. Plundering expeditions to the English coast were much talked of, and a plan was once formed to burn Harwich; but nothing could be attempted except in settled fine weather. The captains and pilots were always afraid of being caught in mid-channel by a rough sea or by an unfavourable wind for getting home to Dunkirk; they dared not land more than a part of their soldiers, because so many were wanted to overawe the crew of slaves; and so, besides picking up occasionally a stray coaster and firing some shots into the English sandhills, they did little. They were useless for keeping the sea clear of privateers, for they depended so entirely on their harbour that they could not remain out for any time as cruisers. The greatest exploit which they performed was the capture of a small English frigate, which engaged them to give time to her convoy to escape. The action, a fierce and obstinate one, is described in a very clear and vivid way. It sets before us, particularly, the frightful condition of the wretched crowd of slaves when a false move of the galley brought them under the muzzles of the frigate's guns, pointing down upon them and loaded up to the mouth with grape-shot. Jean Marteilhe describes the two vessels lying so close to one another that he could touch the English gun which bore straight on the bench to which he and five other slaves were chained; and he tells us how, looking through the English port-holes on the frigate's deck, he watched the gunner coming with his lighted match from gun to gun till he reached this one:—

Il se rencontre que notre banc, dans lequel nous étions cinq forcés et un esclave turc, se trouva vis-à-vis d'un canon de la frégate, que je voyais bien qui était chargé. Nos bords se touchaient, par conséquent ce canon était si près de nous, qu'en m'élevant un peu, je l'eusse pu toucher avec la main. Ce vilain voisin nous fit tous frémir; mes camarades de banc se couchèrent tout plat, croyant échapper à son coup. En examinant ce canon, je m'aperçus qu'il était pointé, ce qu'on appelle, à couler bas, et que, comme la frégate était plus haut de bord que la galère, le coup porterait à plomb dans le banc, et qu'étant couché, nous le recevions tous sur nos corps. Ayant fait cette réflexion, je me déterminai à me tenir tout droit dans le banc; je n'en pouvais sortir, j'y étais enchaîné; que faire? Il fallut se résoudre à passer par le feu de ce canon, et comme j'étais attentif à ce qui se passait dans la frégate, je vis le canonnière avec sa mèche allumée à la main, qui commençait à mettre le feu au canon sur le devant de la frégate, et de canon en canon, venait vers celui qui donnait sur notre banc. J'élevai alors mon cœur à Dieu et fis une courte prière, mais fervente, comme un homme qui attend le coup de la mort. Je ne pouvais distraire les yeux de ce canonnière, qui s'approchait toujours de notre canon, à mesure qu'il tirait les autres. Il vint donc à ce canon fatal, j'eus la constance de lui voir mettre le feu, me tenant toujours droit, en recommandant mon âme au Seigneur. Le canon tira, et je fus étourdi tout à coup, et couché non dans le banc, mais sur le coursier de la galère [a sort of raised gangway running fore and aft through the galley, and dividing the banks of oars on each side], car le coup de canon m'avait jeté aussi loin que ma chaîne pouvait s'étendre.

He was so severely wounded that he was from this time disabled for the oar. But his five companions, who had been in the direct line of fire of the gun, were, as he says, "hachés comme chair à pâté."

The galley was a place where the highest and the lowest ranks in society were brought into close contact. The command of a galley was a place for a fine gentleman, for the younger sons of noble houses, Knights of Malta, and other well-born and highly connected members of French chivalry; for it was a service of parade, there was little of the real hard life of the regular naval service at sea, and it was very well paid. But the aristocratic captain, with his two or three equally aristocratic officers, had to live all their time cooped up with three hundred chained and half-naked convicts and their ruffianly warders, a company for the most part of the worst and vilest scoundrels of France, constantly before the eyes and within ear-shot of the polite and highbred gentlemen on the poop. In war or in peace, there was a wild barbaric effect studied on board the galley. It made its attack with a savage shout from the excited and furious slaves, whom the warders, passing from bench to bench, flogged mercilessly as they rowed the galley into action:—

Enfin [says this writer, speaking of the attack of six galleys on a Dutch line-of-battle ship], nous approchâmes de son bord à force de rames, en faisant la chamade, qui est une huche que les galériens font pour épouvanter l'ennemi. En effet, c'est une chose épouvantable de voir sur chaque galère trois cents

hommes, nus comme la main, qui heurtent tous à la fois, et secouent leurs chaînes, dont le bruit se confond avec leurs hurlements, et fait frémir ceux qui n'ont jamais été à pareille fête.

When visitors of distinction came on board to see the galley, and the vessel was dressed out for their reception, the ladies and gentlemen were greeted by hoarse shouts from the galley slaves:—

On faisait raser tête et barbe à la chiourme, changer de linge et revêtir leur casaque rouge, et bonnet de même couleur. Cela étant fait, qu'on se représente toute la chiourme, qui s'assied dans leurs bancs, de sorte qu'il ne paraît d'un bout de la galère à l'autre que des têtes d'hommes en bonnet rouge. Dans cette attitude, on attend les seigneurs et les dames, qui entrent un à un dans la galère, reçoivent le salut de la chiourme, par un cri rauque et lugubre de *has*. Ce cri se fait par tous les galériens ensemble sur un coup de sifflet; de sorte qu'on n'entend qu'une voix. Chaque seigneur et dame reçoit un *has* pour salut; à moins que leur qualité ou leur caractère ne demande une distinction. Alors on crie deux fois, *has, has*. Si c'est un général, on un duc et pair de France, on crie trois fois, *has, has, has*; mais c'est le plus, le roi même n'aurait pas davantage. Aussi nomme-t-on ce dernier salut le salut du roi.

Order, and a rude but very thorough organization, which made three hundred criminals work together as one man, either in performing monkey tricks in harbour for the diversion of fine ladies or in carrying the galley into a deadly fire in spite of havoc and carnage among them, were kept up by unceasing watchfulness and pitiless discipline. The convicts were chained five of them on each bench, and from this bench and the narrow space between it and the next—a space ten feet by four, which Marteilhe compares to a great box or tomb—they never moved day or night while the galley was in commission. Here, summer and winter, they ate and slept, and, if the galley was in harbour, worked for themselves. To each bench there was a Turkish prisoner, not chained to it like the rest, who pulled with them at the oar, and who was the executioner when the more formal punishment of the *bastonnade* had to be administered. But whatever was going on in the galley, whether rowing or cleaning her out, or whether the convicts were lying unemployed by their benches, the whip was for ever at work in the hands of the "comite"—an officer who with his mates performed the duties of a boatswain, in the spirit, and with the appliances, of a slave-driver. The "comite" was the head of each crew of convicts, and was responsible for their activity and subordination. Rope's-end in hand, he and his mates were ever on the watch, ready to apply it to the shoulders of the convicts for the slightest offence; and when the galley went to sea, the vigour and efficiency of the rowing was kept up by unceasing flogging, as the "comite" passed up and down the gangway to detect any flinching or carelessness. Marteilhe says that it would have been impossible to maintain the customary speed of the galley, and for so long a time, except by this forced labour; and that when the experiment was tried at Dunkirk of manning some galleys with crews of hired rowers, it was found impossible, without the "comite's" whip, which could not be used to a free crew, to get out of them that continuous and enduring labour which was required for the work of a galley. The following is his description of the rowing:—

Qu'on se représente, si on peut, six hommes enchaînés, et nus comme la main, assis sur leur banc, tenant la rame à la main, un pied sur la pedagne, qui est une grosse barre de bois, attachée à la banquette; et de l'autre pied, montant sur le banc de devant eux, et s'allongeant le corps, les bras roides, pour pousser et avancer leur rame, jusque sous le corps de ceux de devant, qui sont occupés à faire le même mouvement; et ayant avancé ainsi leur rame, ils l'élèvent pour la frapper dans la mer; et du même temps ils se jettent, ou plutôt se précipitent en arrière, pour tomber assis sur leur banc, qui à cause de cette rude chute est garni d'une espèce de coussinet. Enfin il faut l'avoir vu pour le croire, que ces misérables rameurs puissent résister à un travail si rude; et quiconque n'a jamais vu voguer une galère, ne se pourrait jamais imaginer, en le voyant pour la première fois, que ces malheureux pussent y tenir une demi-heure; ce qui montre bien, qu'on peut, par la force et la cruauté, faire faire, pour ainsi dire, l'impossible. Et il est très-vrai qu'une galère ne peut naviguer que par cette voie, et qu'il faut nécessairement une chiourme d'esclaves, sur qui les comites puissent exercer la plus dure autorité, pour les faire voguer, comme on fait, non-seulement une heure ou deux, mais même dix à douze heures de suite. Je me suis trouvé avoir ramé à toute force pendant 24 heures, sans nous reposer un moment. Dans ces occasions, les comites et autres mariniers nous mettaient à la bouche un morceau de biscuit, trempé dans du vin, sans que nous levassions nos mains de la rame, pour nous empêcher de tomber en défaillance. Pour lors on n'entend que hurlements de ces malheureux, ruisselant de sang par les coups de cordes meurtrières qu'on leur donne. On n'entend que claquer les cordes sur le dos de ces misérables. On n'entend que les injures et les blasphèmes les plus affreux des comites, qui sont animés et écument de rage, lorsque leur galère ne tient pas son rang, et ne marche pas si bien qu'une autre. On n'entend que le capitaine et les officiers majors crier aux comites de redoubler leurs coups. Et lorsqu'un de ces malheureux forcés crève sur la rame, comme il arrive souvent, on frappe sur lui tant qu'on lui voit la moindre vie; et lorsqu'il ne respire plus, on le jette à la mer comme une charogne.

For thirteen years Jean Marteilhe was on board one of the royal galleys, first at Dunkirk, and then, when peace was made with England, at Marseilles. The companions with whom he was chained were of all sorts, from the lowest and vilest criminals to gentlemen of family who had got into trouble in affairs of honour, simple-minded peasants who had deserted from the army, and Protestant confessors like himself. The filth, the hopeless misery, the "comite's" lash, was for all alike; but he does not complain of being treated worse than others, and occasionally he found favour even with a fanatical captain, or a more than ordinarily merciless "comite." At Marseilles the priests of S. Vincent de Paul's Congregation of the Mission, who were specially charged with the care of galley slaves, made great efforts to gain converts among the Protestants, of whom there were more than three hundred at Marseilles, and forty in the same galley with Marteilhe. Of course he paints the priests in no very flattering colours,

and represents them as using unscrupulously, as it is probable that they did, the inducements of immediate liberation, and other worldly advantages, to tempt men to give up their Protestantism. Jean Marteilhe was particularly irritated by the effrontery of a certain Père Garcin, who tried to prove to the unfortunate wretches that they could not properly be said to be persecuted. He resolved to take his revenge, and laid a trap for the priest. The conversation has in it a touch of the grave mischief of the earlier "Provincial Letters." He went with an affected air of stupidity to Père Garcin, as if he was only seeking a pretext for surrendering, and told him that his chief scruple about changing his belief was that being persecuted seemed to him a mark of true religion.

Je dis donc à ce Père que nous avions fait une sérieuse réflexion sur ce qui venait de se passer; mais qu'il restait, entre autres, un grand obstacle à notre conversion; que nous venions le lui proposer, et lui demander à le lever. Voilà comme il faut faire, s'écria tout joyeux le Père Garcin. Parlez, messieurs, me dit-il, et vous serez satisfait sur tous vos scrupules. . . . Monsieur, continuai-je, se vous pouvez me prouver que nous ne sommes pas persécutés, comme vous le soutenez tantôt, je vous avoue que vous gagnerez beaucoup sur nous. Je suis ravi, répliqua le Père Garcin, que vous me découvriez si clairement votre scrupule, et d'autant plus ravi, qu'il n'y a rien de si facile que de vous le lever en vous prouvant que vous n'êtes pas persécutés pour cause de religion, et voici comment: Savez-vous, me demanda-t-il, ce que c'est que persécution? Hélas! monsieur, lui dis-je, mon état et celui de mes frères souffrants nous l'a fait assez connaître. Bagatelle, dit-il, c'est ce qui vous trompe; et vous prenez châtiment pour persécution, et je vais vous en convaincre.

Père Garcin accordingly proceeded to show him that he was punished, not for religion, but because he had disobeyed the King's orders in trying to leave the kingdom—"Cela regarda la police de l'Etat, et non l'Eglise ni la religion."—

Je vis bien qu'il aurait de la peine à le faire convenir que nous étions persécutés pour cause de religion, si je ne continuais pas mon air hypocrite. Je fis donc le benêt et lui dis que j'étais content de cette explication, qu'il s'agissait à présent de savoir si en attendant un entier éclaircissement des autres doutes qui me restaient, on ne me délivrerait pas avant de faire mon abjuration. "Non assurément, répondit le Père; vous ne sortirez jamais des galères que vous ne payez faite dans toutes les formes." "Et si je fais cette abjuration, lui dis-je, puis-je espérer d'en sortir bientôt?" "Quinze jours après, dit le Père Garcin, foi de prêtre; car vous voyez qu'en tel cas le roi vous le promet." Pour lors je repris mon air naturel pour lui dire d'un grand sérieux. . . . Vous vous êtes efforcé, monsieur, par tous vos raisonnements sophistiques de nous prouver que nous n'étions pas persécutés à cause de religion; et moi, sans aucune philosophie ni rhétorique, par deux simples et naïves demandes, je vous fais avouer que c'est la religion qui me tient en galère. . . . Le Père se vit si bien pris par sa propre bouche, que la fureur s'emparant de ses sens, il rompit la conversation avec brutalité et précipitation, nous appelant méchants, entêtés, et cria à l'argousin de nous aller enchaîner dans nos bancs, lui défendant de nous soulager le moins du monde de nos chaînes.

The French Protestants in the galleys hoped in vain that at the peace of Utrecht their liberation would be stipulated. But strong efforts were made to interest the English Government in their favour, and at last, in consequence of its representations, a batch of a hundred and thirty-six, of whom Marteilhe was one, were released; the remainder were not freed till a year afterwards. Marteilhe retired to Holland, where he composed this curious account of a galley slave's life. It was well worth republishing.

TYLOR'S EARLY HISTORY OF MANKIND.*

THIS is a book which contains a large amount of independent thought and research on a deeply interesting subject, but it strikes us as not thoroughly well put together. Mr. Tylor helps us to a vast number of curious facts, and he classifies his facts with no small skill and clearness, and yet, throughout the greater part of the book, it is not easy to see at what the author is aiming. It is only in a short introductory and a short concluding chapter that he gives us even the rudiments of a theory. Perhaps it is just as well that he should not. In truth we do in our hearts respect Mr. Tylor the more for not giving us a theory, and yet we are unreasonable enough to grumble at him for the very conduct for which we respect him. He is evidently a man not only of research, but of real thought; he is evidently one of the last people to be hurried into an immature theory which he might one day have to recant. He sees that his study is one which is as yet only tentative, and that he is really doing more service to sound knowledge by collecting facts, by classifying them, by pointing out the general direction in which they seem to look, than by putting forth any very dogmatic conclusions about them. Mr. Tylor is evidently one who writes for the sake of truth and not for the sake of victory, and we accept his facts and follow his reasonings with all the more confidence because he does not write in the interest of any preconceived view. But the very qualities which make him unwilling to help us to a theory are exactly those which make us somewhat anxious to receive a theory at his hands. We are sure that any theory of Mr. Tylor's would be sound and well-considered; and we come across so many theories which are certainly not sound and well-considered that there is a sort of disappointment in being as it were brought so near to so promising a source, and being then obliged to go away empty. If, however, Mr. Tylor is not yet ready with a complete explanation of the facts which he has brought together, he does well and wisely to reserve his enlarged generalizations for some future time. Still, in point of form, this lack of theory is a disadvantage to the book. It gives it a sort of

superficial air of wanting a general purpose—we say a superficial air, because, as a serious charge against the book, none could be more unfair. It makes the several chapters, each highly interesting in itself, seem unconnected, and the whole book seem desultory. It causes a certain lack of vivacity, which, though quite made up by Mr. Tylor's thorough good sense, still remains a lack. Lastly, the beginning and the ending of the book come so near to the working out of a theory that we cannot help complaining that no theory is, after all, thoroughly worked out.

Mr. Tylor's main object seems to be to collect and classify facts bearing on the early history of human culture, chiefly by comparing manners, customs, implements, popular tales, and the like, in various ages and countries. He starts from the ground of the primeval antiquary, and he travels for a long way in a course side by side with that of the comparative mythologist and the comparative philologist. We might call him a comparative antiquary, only a great many of the objects with which he has to deal are not strictly antiquarian. Some of them are of the highest antiquity, while others are still in daily use. That is to say, the same stage of culture is found in different parts of the world at widely different times. Antiquarian discoveries—or rather the united discoveries of antiquaries and geologists—have shown that the most civilized countries of Europe were once inhabited by races of men in no way more advanced than the lowest savages of Australia. The Stone Age is a thing of the remotest past in Europe; in other parts of the world it is still a thing of the present. The Greeks were passing out of the Bronze Age in the time of Homer; the Massagetas were still in the Bronze Age in the time of Herodotus. Thus we find the weapons and instruments used by savage tribes in our own time identical with those which were used, not indeed by the known forefathers of any existing Aryan people, but by those races who preceded the Aryans in the occupation of Europe. But inquiries of this sort, which are already familiar to antiquaries, form but a small part of Mr. Tylor's researches. For instance, he does not give us any completely developed theory as to either the origin of speech or the origin of writing; but he brings together a vast collection of facts which bear directly upon both questions. He has a highly interesting chapter on what he calls the "Gesture-Language"—that is, the way in which both the deaf and dumb and various savage tribes are able to communicate with one another by signs. This genuine deaf and dumb language must of course not be confounded with the deaf and dumb alphabet which the deaf and dumb are taught by instructors who can speak. In this last system the signs represent letters, or at least words, while, in the true Gesture Language, the signs directly represent ideas. The strangest fact of all is, what Mr. Tylor relates on apparently good authority, that savages used to converse by signs can communicate with perfect ease with deaf and dumb children in civilized countries. It would seem that, among some of the lower races of man, spoken language is so defective that it requires to be eked out by the help of this Gesture Language, which, according to Mr. Tylor, is just as natural as spoken language. Here, again, Mr. Tylor does not directly commit himself to a theory, but the general tendency of the facts as he marshals them, together with one or two more explicit hints, looks in the direction of a belief that, in his own words, "the gesture-language is the original utterance of mankind, out of which speech has developed itself more or less fully among different tribes." While on this subject, Mr. Tylor discusses two or three of the old stories, from Psammitichus onwards, about children being left with dumb nurses and the like, to find out the original language. We are amused at the way in which Mr. Tylor quotes one of these. After quoting Psammitichus, he says:—

It is interesting to see how naturally mythology takes to the bekos-legend, and brings it out in a new place. Miss Goodman says, "A Scotch lady, staying in the house, informed me that one of the early kings of her country, anxious to discover the primitive language, placed two infants on an uninhabited island in the Hebrides, under the care of a dumb old woman," etc.

The reference in the note is to "Margaret Goodman, *Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy*." Surely Miss Goodman and her Scotch lady are a rather roundabout way of getting at a very well known story. We dare say the tale is to be found in a great many other places as well, but it certainly is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, where it is told, not of any "early king," but of so recent and well ascertained a prince as James the Fourth.

As Gesture Language seems to be an imperfect form of speech, so Mr. Tylor has naturally a good deal to tell us about those forms of communicating with the eye which went before alphabetic writing, such as picture-writing, reckoning by *quipus* or knots, and the like. Mr. Tylor here, reasonably enough, presses into his service the *signa lysip* of Homer. One can hardly doubt but that these were some sort of picture-writing. Here, as everywhere else, in order thoroughly to understand Homer, one must use the negative evidence of the tragedians. Till we remark how freely they attribute writing to the heroic age, we shall not fully take in the importance of Homer's utter silence upon the subject.

But those chapters of Mr. Tylor's work are almost more interesting in which he traces out the origin of various wide-spread customs which, at first sight, seem purely arbitrary and unmeaning, but which he shows to have, in many cases, their root in ideas and beliefs which are quite forgotten. Civilized, or comparatively civilized, nations often in this way retain customs which, with them, are wholly meaningless, but which, when interpreted by the rude

* *Researches into the Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilization.* By Edward Burnett Tylor. London: John Murray. 1865.

creed of savage tribes, have a very distinct and practical meaning. What, for instance, can seem more utterly unreasonable than the custom of the *couvade*, by which, when a child is born, not the mother, but the father, goes to bed, and is treated as a patient, and obliged to go through a peculiar regimen, in some parts of the world a very severe one? This practice existed among the Basques in the time of Strabo, and it exists among them still. There is also evidence for its past or present prevalence in Corsica, in various parts of Asia Minor, Africa, South America, California, the West Indies, the Eastern Archipelago, and in some parts of China—not, however, among the proper Chinese, but among some of the ruder races subject to the Chinese dominion. Mr. Tylor examines the different forms which the custom takes in these different cases, and thus gradually comes to an explanation of its meaning. It involves the notion, which he shows to exist in other cases, that the personal actions of one person may physically affect another; that, for instance, if A and B stand in certain relations to one another, unwholesome food taken by A may cause indigestion to B. Thus the father is obliged to take great care what he does both before and after the birth of the child, lest, if he fails to eat, drink, and avoid the right thing, the child may suffer or die. But this is not all; it is only the father who is bound to these observances; the mother is bound to nothing at all, but may do what she pleases, consistently with her own safety. This Mr. Tylor explains by the belief that the father only, and not the mother, is the real parent—the same doctrine which Athens so forcibly puts forward in the *Eumenides*. It is therefore the actions of the father, not those of the mother, which may thus vicariously hurt or profit the child; the father therefore must take care what he does, for the child's sake, while the mother may do as she pleases. Mr. Tylor, in examining the different instances of the *couvade*, finds some where traces of these beliefs may still clearly be seen, while in other cases the custom has been kept on merely as a custom, long after its meaning has been forgotten. Mr. Tylor, in the like manner, examines into several other strange customs, and traces them up to forgotten primitive beliefs.

In another chapter Mr. Tylor deals with what he calls "Myths of Observation"—a name which does not at first sight very well explain itself, but which he applies to a class of tales which admit of very clear definition. They must be distinguished both from what Mr. Tylor calls "pure Myths"—those, namely, which belong to the science of Comparative Mythology—and also from traditions, strictly so-called, which, as he says, "are History," though, of course, history in an imperfect and not wholly trustworthy shape. Distinct from both of these classes, we find Mr. Tylor's "Myths of Observation"—stories, that is, invented to account for remarkable appearances and the like, stories which in the end become traditional, but which in the beginning were rude attempts at the explanation of phenomena. Thus, when the bones of fossil animals are attributed, as they are by many tribes, to the existence of a vast animal, living underground, and dying if by any chance it comes to the light, this is a myth of observation—an attempt, however unsuccessful, at philosophical explanation. But when a Mexican priest is drawn with his head covered with a mask finishing in an elephant's trunk, here is a clear tradition of the elephant. There are no elephants in Mexico, but Mexican tradition may either have remembered the elephants of Asia, or it may have gone back to the time when the fossil elephants of America were living. In either case it is strictly traditional. Mr. Tylor here guards against the possible supposition that the tradition may have merely come from seeing the dead body of a frozen elephant. Elephants have, indeed, been found imbedded in ice, with flesh, skin, and hair remaining, as well as bones and teeth; but the trunk in such cases is not found, as it is the first part to decay.

Our examination of Mr. Tylor's very thoughtful and interesting book has been somewhat desultory, because the form of the volume is so in some measure itself. Many other very curious points will be found touched upon, besides those which we have picked out nearly at random. Though Mr. Tylor does not draw out any elaborate theory, it is clear that he looks on his facts in general as tending to show that the history of mankind has been a history of progress—that mankind started from a low level, and that civilization has been gradually developed. The state of the savage is, in his eyes, not one into which he has fallen from something higher, but one in which he has failed ever to advance to anything higher. On the likeness of customs, implements, &c. in very remote ages and countries, a very important part of his argument, Mr. Tylor thus comments:—

The facts collected seem to favour the view that the wide differences in the civilization and mental state of the various races of mankind are rather differences of development than of origin, rather of degree than of kind. Thus the Gesture-Language is the same in principle, and similar in its details, all over the world. The likeness in the formation both of pure myths and of those crude theories which have been described as "myths of observation," among races so dissimilar in the colour of their skins and the shape of their skulls, tells in the same direction. And wherever the occurrence of any art or knowledge in two places can be confidently ascribed to independent invention, as, for instance, when we find the dwellers in the ancient lake-habitations of Switzerland, and the modern New Zealanders, adopting a like construction in their curious fabrics of tied bundles of fibre, the similar step thus made in different times and places tends to prove the similarity of the minds that made it. Moreover, to take a somewhat weaker line of argument, the uniformity with which like stages in the development of art and science are found among the most unlike races, may be adduced as evidence on the same side, in spite of the constant difficulty in deciding whether any particular development is due to independent invention, or to

transmission from some other people to those among whom it is found. For if the similar thing has been produced in two places by independent invention, then, as has just been said, it is direct evidence of similarity of mind. And on the other hand, if it was carried from the one place to the other, or from a third to both, by mere transmission from people to people, then the smallness of the change it has suffered in transplanting is still evidence of the like nature of the soil wherever it is found.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.*

ACCUSTOMED as we now are to hearing and saying that Paris is perfectly familiar to Englishmen, it is curious how little appears to be known in England of the great decorative works which, during the last twenty years especially, have been carried out in the churches of Paris. Eight or ten years ago, a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (we think it was M. H. Delaborde, the editor of the book before us) gave a full and animated account of some of the most important of these works, the impulse to which, arising from the intellectual activity called into life through or under the Orleanist Government, has not been checked, or at any rate stifled, by the subsequent political revolutions. Indeed, a scheme was adopted under the brief Republican régime for the decoration of the Pantheon by a series of pictures representing the whole moral, intellectual, and religious progress of mankind, which, in completeness of ideas, might have satisfied Goethe himself. We do not know how far the ability of the artist who made out the programme (which will be found at length in one of M. T. Gauthier's volumes), M. Chenavard, would have been pictorially equal to so vast a labour; but the reconversion of the building to ecclesiastical purposes put a stop, temporarily at least, to this comprehensive project. The Pantheon is, in fact, the most suitable building of the kind in Paris for mural painting; and one reason why the very remarkable series undertaken in the other churches has received less attention than it ought to have done may probably be found in the defective light and awkward architectural arrangements to which the artists have had to accommodate themselves. The subject may, however, be warmly commended to the notice of visitors interested in art and in church ornament, and we are sure that none of our readers to whom the suggestion may be a novelty will accuse us of having led them to waste their time in Paris. Nor is the lesson of the successes, or of the comparative failures, which have been produced by the combined action of the Imperial and of the local administration without much value for our own guidance. It is absurd to think that we can afford to neglect any well-considered and long-continued efforts of the nation which, with our own, exhibits the strongest and keenest intellectual life at present going on in the human race. France and England now lead the world. In a certain intelligible sense (*en attendant* North America), they are the world. Probably most Englishmen would assent to this remark. But, so far as France is concerned, almost all Englishmen practically ignore it.

To quit, however, these general reflections. Among the artists who have satisfactorily achieved the decorative tasks entrusted to them, M. H. Flandrin stands in the very first rank. It is so difficult to put into words the distinctive qualities of any genuine painter, especially when his works are not familiar to the world, that we can only deal with this portion of our notice in a tentative way. To those, however, who have seen Flandrin's long procession above the columns in the basilica of St. Vincent de Paul, the large biblical subjects in St. Germain des Prés (both at Paris), or the smaller but almost more perfect groups within the old Aïny church of Lyons, we think it will appear true if we define his style, in M. Delaborde's words, as "the effort to give Greek art Christian baptism," or as "the expression of refined feeling (*sensibilité*) under forms of singular purity." Or we might say that he did what M. Ary Scheffer wished to do, but with a mastery over technical resources, and a clearness and simplicity of idea, in which his contemporary was wanting; or we might compare his work to what our own Flaxman produced (too little) in the domain of Christian art. These images, rather than direct criticisms, which one might multiply with ease, may serve also to suggest, with due diffidence, what appears the weaker side of Flandrin's genius—at least to English Protestantism. With great delicacy of feeling and truthfulness of intention, seconded by a power of drawing such as might be expected from the favourite pupil of the great Ingres, Flandrin made a singularly attractive and interesting compromise between the religious art of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and the secular or quasi-classical art of France during our own age. This compromise extends to the idea of his pictures not less than to their execution. In a certain degree, which is probably due to a want of dramatic force and energy in the artist, we trace it mainly to a wider cause, which is worthy of much deeper examination than we can here give. Under the operation of that all-pervading and inevitable spirit which Mr. Lecky terms the spirit of "Rationalism," even Hippolyte Flandrin, though so devout a Catholic as to delight in the bayonets on which the Papal throne is now content to find an uneasy foundation, has gracefully toned down or eliminated from his sacred subjects the *naïf* supernaturalism, with the not less *naïf* fanaticism, which marks the proto-Catholic art. Readers may remember that we pointed out, last year, how completely Mr. Herbert's large fresco of "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law" was devoid of the miraculous or supernatural impress. What in that

* *Lettres et Pensées d'Hippolyte Flandrin, précédées d'une Notice Biographique par le Vte. H. Delaborde.* Paris: Henri Plon. 1865.

work was probably due to want of vital power and imagination in the artist, was due, in the case of Flandrin, to that spirit of the age from which no one can escape by any process short of mental suicide.

The circle of those in England who are sufficiently cultivated to care for foreign art (unless it comes before them with such a directly English appeal as Madlle. R. Bonheur's) is so small that we cannot recommend M. Delaborde's *Life, Letters, and Thoughts of Flandrin* for translation, although the book deserves it not less than *Mendelssohn's Letters*, and incomparably more than the *Furioso* travesty of Beethoven, or Herr Grimm's ponderous preachments about Michel Angelo. But those who read French, and care for biography, will find the book well worth attention. Flandrin's letters, which form nearly four-fifths of the volume, may be compared with those of Madlle. de Guérin, not only in respect of the comparatively uneventful story of his life, but of that long and devout struggle to work always onward and upward through difficulties, internal and external, which they set vividly before us. These two admirable examples of the religious mind of modern France might be compared also in the warmth and purity of their affections, in that intense love for home and all that goes with it which we vulgarly take for a sort of English entail, and in the graceful sketches of scenery or sentiment interspersed among the details of "human nature's daily food":—

I must tell you [Flandrin writes to his aged mother in February 1846, four months after the birth of a first boy] that to-day it was almost hot. We had opened the windows. Aimée was holding the little darling in her arms, and through the window, across the courtyard, he had an interview with a young person one year old, who kept sending him kisses. I do not know whether his modesty was offended by these coquetish advances, but he made her a very chilling return, and his mother had to put him up even to that! One must allow, however, that he is still very young, and has still many things to learn, together with politeness.

No man could deserve more thoroughly than Flandrin the kind of happiness painted in this charming sketch, but it was not reached till after a series of years in which the labour and privation through which elevation in art too often has to be reached held an unusually severe portion. The poverty and discouragement of Flandrin's youth, and the noble spirit of simple magnanimity with which he confronted these obstacles, form a picture very similar to that which Mr. Gilchrist's vivid biography draws of our own William Blake, and will be, no doubt, the consolation of many among the "poor, and sick in body, and beloved by the gods." Certainly no true artist is ever found standing on what is called "his dignity," or declining the smallest work which really belongs to art; yet it is curious that the severest religious painter whom France has produced since Eustache Le Sueur should have begun life by drawing *bonbons* for confectioners, and should have imagined that his future career lay in painting the gallant privates of the French army, who are not commonly supposed to have much of the severe or the Scriptural about them. After some years' training in the Lyons School of Design, Flandrin moved to Paris. What looks almost like an accident sent him to work in the study of M. Ingres. This was the turning-point of his life, and to the end of it Flandrin always treated his great master with the reverence and affection of a son rather than of a scholar. M. Delaborde traces, in his graceful biographical sketch (which, if he will permit us the phrase, appears only to want greater firmness or clearness of outline), the differences which divide the styles of these two eminent artists. But we think him quite correct in arguing, in opposition to opinions which have lately gained ground at Paris, that the great principles of art were alike in Ingres and Flandrin, and that the pupil legitimately and strictly carried out, within the Christian sphere, what the master taught and practised in regard to more secular or more classical subjects.

The brightest portion of Flandrin's life seems to have been the years which, before his health began to fail, he spent as "pensionnaire" of France in that famous Academy which her liberal and enlightened spirit maintains at Rome. The letters written thence are, at any rate, the most hopeful and interesting of the series. The city exercised over him that attraction which it has long held over minds rather of the meditative and receptive than of the energetic class. Rome suited Flandrin where he was strong, and (as we have above tried to indicate) where he was not so strong. In regard to his art, perhaps it gave him a little too marked a bias towards "eclecticism," as he attempted to unite admiration for the religious style of Giotto or Angelico on one hand, and Domenichino on the other (*res olim dissociabiles*, as Tacitus, in his humorous way, said of liberty and imperialism), under one theory. Flandrin's reputation preceded him on his return to France, and henceforth his career was assured. To quote the neat phrase which his countrymen employ, he was now "un homme arrivé."

We have already indicated the direction which his talent took, and the principal works to which he devoted years, too few indeed for art, but more than enough for glory. Like his high-spirited countrymen in general, Flandrin, modest and religious as he was, had no indifference towards fame, to value which should be a reproach only when glory is sought in things not of high or enduring quality. But his years of activity were also sufficient to secure for him what he valued much more—pure happiness at home, and the reputation of an artist second to none for devoted conscientiousness and thoroughness in all he set his hand to do. We should have liked to pursue this side of his character further, and to point out, in particular, its bearing on the singular success which he

reached in simple portraiture. But for elucidations on this and on many cognate details we must refer our readers to M. Delaborde's interesting volume. Whether we look to its tone, its clearness and elegance of style, or its completeness, it affords a lesson how the biography of a great painter should be written, which might, as recent examples prove, be studied with advantage both in Germany and in England.

EVENINGS IN ARCADIA.*

SOME of the hardest reading in the world is to be found in works of poetical criticism. The fine taste, discrimination, and training requisite for a nice and just appreciation of poetry are, if possible, rather more rarely to be met with than the qualifications of the poet himself. It is not surprising, therefore, that comparatively little of all that has been said about poetry is worth either reading or remembering. Mediocrity in the divine art itself is proverbially intolerable, and mediocrity in criticizing poetry is scarcely less so. In bad poets we are vexed to find, under the pretentiousness of verse, nothing which might not have been better said in prose, or, more frequently, nothing which was ever worth saying at all. In bad critics we only discover the reproduction, in a gushing kind of prose, of what the poet has said in his verse, or else the measurement of the excellence of the verse by its conformity to a set of rules which has actually been extracted from the composition itself. Perhaps the most offensive kind of critical cant is the jargon which incompetent people talk about great musicians. Only a shade less horribly wearisome is the cant about poets. Feeble criticism on prose is bad, but, as poetry is the expression of a mood loftier and deeper than prose affects, we can the less patiently endure shallow and wordy dissertations upon it. A man who has nothing to say could not possibly choose a more unfortunate subject on which to say it than poetical criticism.

But the author of *Evenings in Arcadia* has added to this misfortune the error of selecting the very worst mode in which to say nothing. Of all forms of composition, the critical or philosophic dialogue is the most unmanageable in weak hands. It demands force of thought, and dramatic power, and terseness of expression, and a host of other uncommon qualities, more imperatively than either plain prose or plain verse. There are probably ten men in the world who could write a very readable five-act tragedy for one who could write a powerful critical dialogue. And, besides, dialogue can never be a suitable vehicle for the expression of an individual opinion about which there can be no dispute. If a writer wishes to enforce and illustrate the Experiential origin of ideas, he may very properly resort to dialogue as the fairest way of letting those who hold the Innate theory have their say, so that each argument may be advanced and met with a certain vividness. In the same way, if he wants to show the superiority of a mixed government over either a pure democracy or an unchecked aristocracy, he may invent dummies—an Aristocrat and a Democrat—in whose mouths to place the arguments that he is contending against. But if he simply desires to say that he likes *Paradise Lost*, or *The Borough*, or *In Memoriam*, and to explain why he likes it, a more absurd device cannot be imagined than the creation of a number of people to whom he may reveal his views. Instead of telling us plainly what he has got to say, like a sensible man, Mr. Dennis cuts himself into three fragments, labelled respectively, Hartley, Talbot, and Stanley, and makes them try to talk to one another as if they were not all identical. No amount of tame attempts to make the proceeding appear dramatic can reconcile the reader to this fundamental absurdity. Mr. Dennis has evidently been a great reader of such books as *Friends in Council*, and has been fired with a desire to do something in the same line. So he transports two of his personages down into Devonshire, where the third meets them as they descend from the coach. Without any further ado, one of them suggests that they should go through a course of poetry together. "Better keep to rural poetry, then," says the second. "There is no limit to such a subject," cries the third, "since by way of illustration you may cull bits from every poet that ever rhymed, seeing that Nature's beauty is the true inspirer, the Queen of Muses and Hamadryades." As a rule, a man who had just got down from a coach after a long journey, and had first met his friend after a long absence, would not incontinently launch out into talk about Hamadryades. But this is the author's way of making criticism lifelike and striking. And if you insist on taking a powder in jam, it is unreasonable to expect the flavour of the jam to be perfectly unimpeachable. Hartley, who is the greatest bore of the three, thinks nothing of a speech of six or seven pages in length; and when the other two, who rather belong to the class of *καθα πρόσωπον*, manage to get a word in, they generally show that they have been thinking of something else all the time their friend has been haranguing. Nor can any impartial reader blame them for it. Stanley on one occasion went to visit a relative at Bristol, and returned to Lynmouth by steamer, and on the evening after his arrival "our conversation commenced as follows." Imagine the conversation of three young men out for a holiday commencing as follows! Of course it is Hartley who speaks:—"Our earlier poetic literature is loaded with wretched eclogues, piscatory and pastoral, and the fact that Pope commenced his career as a writer of pastorals proves

* *Evenings in Arcadia*. Edited by John Dennis. London: Edward Moxon & Co. 1865.

how strong a hold that style had upon men of genius even in his day." But Stanley, refreshed apparently by his recent trip, was determined to resist the Hartleian despotism, and promptly burst in by saying—"Gay, a native of Barnstable, was born in 1688, the birth-year of Pope, and the two poets were warm friends through life." Sometimes they try to propitiate the inexorable Hartley. "You read Chaucer well, Hartley," said the long-suffering Talbot. But it is all to no purpose. "I am glad you think so," is the only reply, followed by a speech of two pages. Chaucer says of the birds and flowers in May—

That blissfull sight softenth al my sorwe.

At which Hartley flames out into a Ruskinian paraphrase of what is, on the whole, preferable without a paraphrase. "Ay, dear Chaucer," he cries out, "I can well believe it did; for who that considers the lilies of the field but will find his burden lightened in the smile of their beauty, and in the happy thought that, as they in their unthinking life are watched over and tended, much more shall we, whose hairs are numbered, be guided by a loving hand, even when we stumble over stony ground far from the green pastures and the still waters?" Hartley, in fact, is evidently a young popular preacher in disguise. He is so dreadfully susceptible and sensitive that he "shrinks from reading aloud any poem which presses strongly on the feelings"—"a weakness this which I would not confess to the world." After all, it is only the *Miller's Daughter* which he makes so much fuss about. As Hartley's nerves were thus finely strung, Stanley had to read the poem, but, while it was being read, the author "could not help watching Hartley, who was evidently drinking in its beauty with the most eager delight—now responding silently, but with moved lips, when a stanza struck his fancy—now swaying his body to and fro, as if stirred by its harmony." Despite his exceeding sensibility, our friend sometimes says the most astounding things. "I don't admire Milton's style," for instance; "but for vehemence, power, and rare eloquence, for manly vigour and for sublimity, I know no prose writer who can compete with him." What an amazing standard of taste a man must have who can admit that an author's style is powerful, vehement, rarely eloquent, masculinely vigorous and sublime, and yet cannot admire it! Speaking of a passage from Thomson, one of this rare trio says it "is spirited, but the style is too puffed and pompous"—as if a passage could possibly be spirited if it was also puffed and pompous. Surely the prime characteristic of spiritedness is absence of pomposity. The speaker might as well have called the lines very lively, but rather dull. But Mr. Dennis is one of those persons who think that style is some mysterious entity existing apart from any given passage, or book, or writer.

The little apophthegms with which each speaker begins his share of the talk are of striking profundity. "To praise Spenser is to praise poetry." "The critical faculty is sometimes but very slightly developed in men of great genius." "Genius belongs to no sect, and is dependent on no lines of demarcation." "The invasion of new ideas is apt to shock respectable middle-aged persons." "There are few positions more embarrassing than that of an author who, while eager to establish an argument, stumbles upon something which threatens to upset the whole train of his reasoning." "To yield to mere impulses of feeling is to weaken one's intellectual stamina." "Simplicity has no connexion with silliness." There is something really grand in the calmness with which the author gives forth these solemn Tupperian utterances. He reminds one of "Mr. P.'s aunt" in *Little Dorrit*, who would suddenly interrupt the conversation by the portentous statement that "there's milestones on the Dover Road." And these most remarkable sayings on things in general are only surpassed in depth and originality by the more purely critical judgments. "Tennyson is one of the greatest of word-painters," says Talbot. It is true that the repetition of a time-honoured sentence of this kind has the merit of not creating any mental fatigue in the reader. Still the practice of introducing us again to all our old friends may be carried too far. The critical vigour of the three interlocutors may be inferred from the delight with which they receive Miss Bessie Parke's verses on the sunshine:—

Oh, blessed summer sun!
As thou art to this landscape which were dull
And bare indeed without thee, so may we
Be to the shadowy places round us, full
Of an intense radiance, shedding forth
A steadfast light of tenderness and truth.

The sentiment is quite unobjectionable, but it is scarcely one to call forth much enthusiasm, nor does it seem worth while to spend evenings in Arcadia only to learn such lessons as this. And, as if to bring out their own feebleness into more marked prominence, one of the three occasionally quotes a longish piece from the criticisms of Christopher North. However many may have been Wilson's defects as a critic, lack of vigour was certainly not among them. And vigour is the very quality of which Mr. Dennis seems to have the least possible conception. For instance, the senseless Hartley has been stating one or two objections to the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. "Adieu for ever to criticism," exclaims Stanley, "if it leads a sensible man like Hartley to take, on these trivial grounds, such perverse views of two glorious poems." To which the sensible Hartley retorts—"When a woman wishes to argue, she generally declaims instead; both of you must possess the same feminine cast of mind, for you have given me no argument in reply to my assertions." And then Talbot—"I suspect they were not made in earnest, for to toss over two such poems as lightly as Hetty Sorrel tossed her butter would betray a loss of

sanity." A sorer parody of anything like critical dialogue would be hard to imagine. And is it worth while to write a book merely for the sake of telling us such things as that "the same gentleness of disposition which made Cowper kind to every bird or animal which came across his path gave him also a loving charity towards his fellow-men"? Moreover, before printing anything, an author should do his best to make up his mind what he really means. In the space of a dozen lines Mr. Dennis tells us, first, that Southey "would have done his heart good, and would have left a still worthier name," if he had "gone more into the thoroughfares and byways of ordinary life"; and then, forthwith admitting that this is not a vocation for which all good men are qualified, he says that Southey, "feeling his unfitness for such labour, perhaps acted wisely in abstaining from the attempt." That is, we are first of all told that to have made the attempt would have done his heart good, and then, in the same breath, that he acted wisely in doing nothing of the sort. Which is it, after all?

Mr. Dennis's reasons for recording these conversations so elaborately, and for calling public attention to his record, are touchingly simple and noble. He believes, with many other excellent persons, that the literature of the age is tainted with a subtle spirit of scepticism:—

Of late there has been so much fanatical raving, so much foolish cant and so many assertions that are worse than foolish, especially with regard to poetic inspiration, that there is a danger lest sober-minded and truth-loving people should become doubtful of the worth of poetry, and begin to question its moral influence.

To what these terrible words refer, we are profoundly ignorant. Where and what are these assertions worse than foolish about poetic inspiration? Has Dr. Colenso been saying anything? Something, at any rate, has happened to alarm Mr. Dennis, so he has written a book to encourage contemporary poets:—

I shall have attained [he says] a higher end than any which could be reached by a critical survey of Rural Poetry, if I have expressed, however faintly, the high sense entertained by my friends and myself of the worth and glory of the poet's art, and of the exceeding value of his noble calling.

It is very interesting and satisfactory to learn that Mr. Dennis and his friends are so good as to entertain a high sense of the exceeding value of poetry, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Browning, Mr. Tennyson, and the rest will feel duly encouraged and refreshed by the fact.

LITERARY FRAGMENTS OF M. SAISSET.

THE pleasure with which we receive another instalment of the writings of the late M. Emile Saisset is tempered by a feeling of regret when we consider that, with this little volume, ends all that we are likely to get of the literary labours of that distinguished professor. In him the literature of France has sustained a bereavement of the severest kind, whilst to the cause of spiritualist philosophy the loss must be well-nigh irreparable. It must be regretted, for the sake of his own permanent position in the temple of letters no less than in the interests of literature at large, that no work exists from the pen of M. Saisset on a scale sufficiently wide and comprehensive to leave an adequate idea of the breadth of his powers of mind, the vast range of his erudition, and the intensity of his faculties of analysis and generalization. There are notwithstanding, throughout the varied series of his writings, those traits of unity in thought, as well as of elevation of purpose, which enable us to see that the thinker and scholar worked from the first with a definite and settled design, and to track the progress of his mind as portion after portion of the horizon of thought came within the field of his view. His productions bear towards each other, and towards the general scope of his inquiries, the same relation as that in which the several studies of an artist stand towards some one great composition. But for his premature death, these apparently desultory studies would have no doubt culminated in some *magnum opus*. Detached and fragmentary as they are for the most part in themselves, the few pieces which we have from him may be seen to fall with little difficulty into their places as separate chapters of a larger design, and to want but the intermediate links in order to hold one to the other as a consecutive chain of study. One and all might not inappropriately be grouped together under the title of the present little volume, the *History and Criticism of Philosophy*. The dozen pieces here brought together, and running over a period of fifteen or twenty years, are marked by all the writer's subtlety of reasoning, accuracy of scholarship, and grace of style. In the most complex and profound problems of metaphysics or logic he is always clear. Upon matters of the most abstract speculation and the gravest erudition he is never dry. One of the least inviting subjects, it might be thought, for a magazine article would be the *Enneads* of Plotinus. Yet such is the artistic skill and dialectical clearness of the writer as to make his paper upon this abstruse and uninviting theme intelligible, and even attractive, to the mind of almost any fairly educated reader. It forms the reprint of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* upon M. Bouillet's translation of the *Enneads*, in which work the system of the first great Neo-Platonist has come down to us through the medium of his disciple Porphyry. It is by contrasting the analysis of M. Saisset with the kinds of commentary and exposition generally available that we best learn to appreciate the merits of this masterly piece

* *Critique et Histoire de la Philosophie. Fragments et Discours* par M. Emile Saisset. Paris: 1865.

of criticism. Almost entirely free from those technicalities of style which revolt the mind of the ordinary reader without affording the slightest additional assistance to the student, it gives evidence of the power with which a really clear and critical understanding can reduce the problems of metaphysics and ontology to a firm and tangible basis, and can express them in the idiom of plain vernacular speech. There is no small gain in showing by practice that the jargon which has grown up around a philosophical system forms in nowise any necessary part of the system itself. Stripped of this superfluous though imposing adjunct to its intrinsic mysticism, no formula can well be clearer or more definite than that in which the writer sums up the substance of the Alexandrine Trinity, and contrasts it, in its nature and in its influence, with the Christian article of faith:—

Je citerai au premier rang cette étrange et profonde conception d'un dieu triple et divin, divisé en trois hypostases, dont la première, qui est l'unité, enfante la seconde, l'intelligence ou le *logos*, verbe éternel de Dieu, consubstantiel à son père, principe fécond à son tour et tirant éternellement de soi-même la troisième hypostase, qui est l'âme, c'est-à-dire cet esprit universel qui contient les germes de tous les êtres. Voilà la trinité alexandrine, qu'on croirait d'abord toute semblable à la trinité chrétienne, mais qui en paraît si différente, quand on y voit à la place d'un Dieu libre et parlant je ne sais quelle unité obscure, soumise à la loi fatale de l'émanation et condamnée à se répandre au dehors comme un fleuve qui s'écoule par une pente irrésistible. C'est dans les *Ennéades* que l'on trouve pour la première fois la trinité panthéiste d'Alexandrie, non plus à l'état de germe indécis ou de tradition incertaine, mais sous la forme d'une doctrine profondément méditée et revêtue d'une forme scientifique. De même, vous rencontrerez partout avant Plotin des semences de mysticisme. Le monde romain était alors envahi par les idées venues de la Perse, de l'Inde, de la Syrie, de l'Égypte, de la Judée. C'était de tous côtés un souffle mystique dont la vieille société s'enivrait. Plotin goûta le charme de cette ivresse, et dans son génie méditatif le mysticisme s'organisa en doctrine. Il fit de l'extase une théorie; l'extase, nom nouveau, inconnu à Platon, et qui annonce pour le genre humain une ère nouvelle, où l'enthousiasme va prendre le pas sur la froide raison.

In a brief but vigorous sketch, M. Saisset goes on to trace the influence of the leading Neo-Platonist ideas on the teaching of the Fathers of the Church, and to expose the error of thinking that the school in question set out from the first with a real antagonism to Christianity. Plotinus is found to be the ally of Irenæus in combating that insane mysticism of the Gnostics which made of the material world the kingdom of the Evil One, and which only liberated the soul from the taint of mundane corruptions by the dreams and the extravagances of a burlesque theurgy. In his *Oration on the Holy Spirit* we see St. Basil incorporating at length an extract from the *Ennéades*, merely substituting for the Pagan Soul of the Universe the third blessed name of the Christian Trinity. Though generally guilty as they were of the mistake of confounding Plotinus with Plato, we can trace in minds as loftily Christian as those of Augustine, Anselm, and Bernard—not to speak of the still more mystic Bonaventure, the brothers St. Victor, Tauler, and Eckart—lines of thought, dogmas, and entire formulas which come direct from the school of Plotinus and Ammonius Saccas. In the *Imitation of Christ*, in Aquinas himself, and in many a page of Bossuet and Fénelon, M. Saisset claims to have detected a Plotinian infiltration, and he boldly challenges any theologian to deny that the whole polemical method of the eminent prelates last named has its root in the ideas of the *Ennéades*.

In a paper of scarcely less value and interest we have brought before us a group of the leading doctors of the scholastic period—Abelard, Richard and Hugh St. Victor, and Thomas Aquinas. A new and brilliant light has been thrown by recent scholars, notably by M. Cousin in his edition of the entire works of Abelard, upon the labours of one who, even beyond Descartes, must be regarded as the father of philosophy in France. No less service has been done for one who has been termed the chief of theologians, even before St. Thomas himself—the Harp of the Lord, the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost—by M. Hauréau's exposure of the defective state of the works of Hugh St. Victor, and his critical reconstruction of the text through an exact revision of the manuscripts. In his *Philosophie de St. Thomas d'Aquin*, M. Charles Jourdain has supplied a new and consummate guide through the dialectical intricacies of the *Summa*. With works before him thus large in their scope and exhaustive in their mode of treatment, the student will be prepared, with M. Saisset, to pronounce that, so far from the history of philosophy, as many good people would have it, being a finished matter, we have but just seen the foundation laid.

An essay which deserves to be read with the closest attention in this country is that on the Origin and Formation of Christianity, with particular reference to Dr. Newman's then recent work on the Theory of Development. The religious movement which had its chief seat at Oxford, and has been associated in this country with the names of Newman and Pusey, is not to be clearly understood apart from the general state of opinion in Europe. "Le Puseyisme n'est point un fait isolé, un fait purement Anglais; c'est un fait Européen, ou, pour mieux dire, c'est la forme particulière d'un fait universel qui s'est produit en Europe sous des noms et des aspects différents." That which is called Pietism in Prussia, Methodism in Sweden, Ultramontaniam in France, has its root in each case in the one idea of a return to the principle of tradition and of authority. To effect a restoration of unity with Christendom at large, leaving the while intact the independence of particular churches, and to secure the right of maintaining all points of Catholic doctrine while subscribing and

professing those articles of the Anglican Church which are in express terms denunciatory of Roman errors, was the hopeless enterprise that presented itself to the Oxford theologians. Although undertaken in perfect good faith, it recalls to mind, says M. Saisset, those equivocal modes of interpretation, and that use of restricted senses, which were so scathingly exposed in the *Provincial Letters*. In his attempt to reconstruct the principle of authority and tradition, Mr. Newman felt himself forced to place it under the safeguard of a permanent and infallible power. And in combating the objections brought by Protestants both against the Papal claims and the full version of the Tridentine creed, not only from the silence of antiquity, but from express statements on the opposite side, he took refuge in the ingenious hypothesis of "development." After an able analysis of this theory, and a critical examination of the sevenfold "notes" whereby that subtle reasoner sought to discriminate between a true and a false development, and to identify the existing Church of the Popes with the Christendom of all ages, M. Saisset, while rendering homage to the learning and rhetorical skill of the writer, is not slack in fixing upon those points in which the book is logically weak—*livre d'érudit ingénieux, non de philosophe*. The argument was seen at once to be dangerously two-edged, and time has confirmed that early impression. It may have seemed a polemical triumph to turn the weapons of Protestant archaeology by conceding that the main points, both of doctrine and ritual, have grown up around the first imperceptible germ, and that these assimilations of human thought or heathen usage are themselves the fruits and the proofs of its vital divinity. But the danger is lest, under the vast accretion of such elements from without, it may become at length wholly impossible to recognise the germ of divinity latent in the birth of the institution. Nothing would better fall in with the views of the sceptical section of our generation than that the Church of tradition should consent to narrow its primary claims to so slender a basis of history, and to boast of her highest definitions and most consummate institutions as conquests from Paganism or free thought. It was no wonder that the communion of his adoption, guided in no small measure in this country by the sagacious caution of Cardinal Wiseman, received with coldness and mistrust the work of her daring proselyte. The theory itself has never met with the slightest measure of recognition among the Romish body, and the only result of so bold an enterprise has been to interpose a barrier of silence between the author and all useful functions in the Church of his adoption, condemning the most distinguished of her converts to practical inactivity and isolation, as well as to the ill-disguised sense of unrequited efforts and a wasted life.

The essay on the philosophy of Leibnitz, together with another containing a comparison of the system of that great thinker with that of Aristotle, may be cited as models of scientific analysis and historical criticism. Taking as his joint text the translation by M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire of the treatise on the Soul, together with that of the *Systema Theologicum* by M. Albert de Broglie from the revised text of the Abbé Lacroix, M. Saisset proceeds to trace the mental affinity between those great ancient and modern masters. Recent critical study has done much to dissipate the mists of fancy which enveloped the figure of Aristotle, making him appear through the different media of Alexandrian, Arabian, and scholastic thought, now as the head of pure sensualists, now as a mystic, now as the most orthodox of spiritualists and theologians. By the Encyclopædists we have seen him claimed as the great precursor of empiricism and materialism, while at Oxford in our day his utterances have been made to go forth in all but inspired harmony with Gospel truth. The Nicomachian Ethics still hold a rank in Christian morals not lower than Butler, and infinitely higher than Paley, in the minds of that class of college tutors who find the whole Church of England system shadowed out in Aristotle and Plato, and who are described by the eminent controversialist we have just referred to as at all times ready to "clap the Thirtynine Articles even on the fervid Tertullian." To bring to light the true Aristotle, to assign to his keen psychology the prime distinction between sensation and thought, to establish the soul, if distinct from the bodily organs, as inseparable from them, as their life, their essence, their *ipsum*—in a word, to set forward the inherent spiritualism of Aristotle in its true character—such is the aim of M. Saisset's brief but able brochure. The eclectic spirit is one main feature in which the two great minds here brought together are shown to resemble each other. Eclecticism is of two kinds. There is the merely critical or negative method, which rests in the second-hand accumulation of facts and ideas, contented to dovetail together the results of other men's genius with a thin admixture of independent thought. And there is the higher spirit which, secure in its own affinity for truth, takes the whole field of ideas and facts into its survey, and, with a creative and inventive power of its own, blends and harmonizes these multifarious materials of knowledge into one comprehensive system. Its food lies essentially among the positive, not the negative, elements of thought. Its essential formula is that tersely uttered by Leibnitz:—"J'ai trouvé, dit-il, que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas tant en ce qu'elles nient."

Two lighter pieces begin and end the volume before us—the first a sketch of the life and character of Jacqueline Pascal, the latter a graceful tribute to the memory of M. Damiron, the predecessor of the writer in the chair of the History of Philosophy.

They are no less perfect as models of tenderness of feeling and insight into character than are his severer essays as examples of vigour in logic and exact intellectual training.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.*

THE second volume of this commodious edition of the *Lives of the Poets* contains some of the best and some of the worst samples of Johnson's biographies. But the defect is rather in the matter than in the manner. Of the twenty-seven *Lives*, ten are not worth record; some of the subjects of them having been not even tolerable rhymesters, while others possessed only the form, and none of the spirit, of poetry. Even the best of them, if we except Prior, would have been forgotten had they written in verse alone. It is the prose of Addison and the comedy of Congreve that preserve their names. For the insertion of such forcible-feeblies as Stepney, Smith, Duke, Sprat, and Hughes, Johnson indeed is not responsible. The booksellers looked at their ledgers, and set the biographer his work according to their balance-sheet. As their verses sold, the writers of them must have "pleased many," and "he who pleases many must have some species of merit." Yet so vigorous and animated is the language of these *Lives*, so replete with curious knowledge are they, so pregnant with sense, and at times so witty, that while we deplore their shortcomings as records of English poets, we turn to their pages certain of being instructed, and often of being entertained. The labour we delight in is generally well performed. Johnson had done much heavy task-work in his time—invited *Minerva*—and he did it honestly but ponderously. But biography was no less welcome to him than argument; and he imparts to the reader the gratification he felt himself in composing these prefaces to the works of English poets. "Some time in March, 1781," we are told by Johnson himself, "I finished the *Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and yet working with vigour and haste." Yet with all his haste he did not shrink from the labour of correction, nor from soliciting from those who could inform him such particulars as were needful for his work. Boswell affords us many curious instances of the pains Johnson took in collecting facts and improving the original draft of his manuscript. Less considerable men as poets hardly ever lived than Duke or Stepney, yet their biographer will not be content without further information about them from Mr. Nichols the printer, whose acquaintance with literary history rendered him very serviceable to Johnson. Many of the corrections may at first sight appear immaterial; yet they will in every case be found improvements, and are very instructive to all who would learn to write with propriety and ease.

In his prayers and meditations Johnson expresses the hope that the *Lives* are "written in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety." With this hope and honest purpose it is curious to contrast Cowper's judgment on the *English Poets*:—

It is a melancholy observation [he writes to Unwin in 1784], which it is impossible not to make, after having run through this series of poetical lives, that where there were such shining talents there should be so little virtue. Those luminaries of our country seem to have been kindled into a brighter blaze than others, in order that their spots might be more noticed; so much can nature do for our intellectual part and so little for our moral. What vanity, what petulance, in Pope!—how painfully sensible of censure, and yet how restless in provocation! To what mean artifices could Addison stoop in hopes of injuring the reputation of a friend! Savage, how sordidly vicious, and the more condemned for the pains that are taken to palliate his vices! Offensive as they appear through a veil, how would they disgust without one! I know not but what one might search these eight volumes with a candle, as the prophet says, to find a man, and not find one, unless perhaps Arbuthnot were he.

Neither Johnson's nor Cowper's balance was uniformly true. Johnson took a jaundiced view of Milton and Gray because the one was a republican in theory, and the other belonged to a society in which Johnson was regarded as the Caliban of letters. Cowper applied to literary wares the test of a narrow creed, and appraised them by a tariff of spiritual graces suitable to the Olney Hymns, but to no other species of verse. That he found something to commend in poets who had not, in his opinion, the becoming gifts and graces, is more surprising than that he found so much to condemn. Why, however, he selected Arbuthnot for his exceptional praise, it is not easy to discover. A good man he was, and a learned, but far too jovial for a saint. It is clear that Cowper had not seen all Arbuthnot's letters to Pope.

Of the *Lives* in the present volume those of Addison and Savage are in some respects the most remarkable. Unintentionally, yet not the less certainly, they betray different phases of Johnson's own life. In 1744, when he wrote the *Life of Savage*, he was poor and obscure. In 1779, when he wrote the *Life of Addison*, he was in easy circumstances and famous. In the one period, he sometimes signed himself in letters "*impransus*," lodged in a garret, ate his dinner hurriedly behind a screen in Cave's office because his clothes were in rags, thought it a privilege to be permitted to see Hawkins Browne in a coffee-house, and conversed with men who provided, by the morning's toil, a platter of beef and a quart of gin for the evening's meal. In the other period, doors were open to him that were closed against other authors; he lived with the

Thrales at Streatham; he enjoyed, while he derided, Garrick's elegant hospitality; he was the oracle of the club and at Reynolds's table; his word was law in literary coteries, he brow-beat bishops, and he met on equal terms the "truculent-visaged" Thurlow. If he still devoured rather than ate his dinner; if his garments still hung awkwardly upon him, and he was still the dread of orderly housekeepers, whose carpets he spoiled, or whose china and glass he endangered, it was not because his means were any longer precarious, or that he was any longer a stranger to social refinements, but because the habits he had acquired in his poverty clung to him in his competence. The change in his mode of living appears in his writings. When he wrote under urgent pressure his language was correct and copious, but too generally stiff and turgid. He would hurry off his Rambles to the printer without reading over his copy, and his Rambles are the most stately of his compositions. When he composed the *Life of Savage*, he was still under the bondage of Latinism, and though it was not written, like his bi-weekly papers, in haste, like them it savoured more of the style of Sir Thomas Browne and Owen Feltham than of the ease and grace of his poetical biographies. His *Life of Addison*, on the contrary, resembles his conversation in his happiest hours. It is written with dignity, it is pregnant with sense, but it is not deformed with a surplussage of words in "osity" and "ation." Sterling English thought is clad in sterling English diction.

It was an act of literary chivalry in Johnson to write as he does of Blackmore. In the previous generation, Sir Richard was the butt of verse-men and prose-men. He has furnished a large portion of the samples of the art of sinking in poetry; nor can it be said that he has been unfairly dealt with, for Sir Richard had at times a marvellous alacrity in sinking. His memorable epics, like Southey's, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and now survive in name principally through Gay's wicked wit:—

See who ne'er was nor will be half-read,
Who first sang *Arthur*, then sang *Alfred*;
Praised great *Eliza* in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, "Haug her!"—
Mauled *Human W't* in one thick satire;
Next in three books spoiled *Human Nature*,
Undid *Creation* at a jerk,
And of *Redemption* made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture;
What wonders there the man grown old did,
Sternhold himself he out-sternholded.
Made David act so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King Achish.
No mortal read his *Solomon*,
But judged Réboam his own son;
Moses he served as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah as she Siserah;
Made Jeremy full sore to cry,
And Job himself curse God and die.

Yet Blackmore was by no means "a slight unmeritable man." Almost incredibly industrious both in prose and verse, he was not disheartened, though he was doubtless annoyed, by "the noise of the archers" who made him their target. He did not neglect his profession, physic, because he perversely pursued poetry. His medical writings, indeed, are now as forgotten as his epic or satiric verse; this, however, is only the natural effect of time, and of new discoveries in progressive science. The volumes of Boerhave and Van Swieten are now as little known as Sir Richard's treatises on "Consumption, the Spleen, the Gout, the Rheumatism," and other evils inherent in humanity or high living.

To Congreve Johnson awards just, but not genial praise. Leigh Hunt has, in the *Life* prefixed to the dramatist's works, formed a much more generous estimate of his sparkling and well-planned comedies, which had no rival in this country until they were equalled, or perhaps eclipsed, by the *School for Scandal*. But Johnson, from his infirmities and his prejudices alike, was incompetent to weigh dramatic compositions. Actors he ranked, even his favourite Garrick, with Punch and puppets; and the illusions of the scene were as much beyond his sphere as the sorrow expressed under mythologic forms in *Lycidas*, or the esoteric meaning of Shakespeare's characters. If he commends the comedies of Congreve frugally, he is extravagant in his praise of the *Mourning Bride*. He cites a passage from it which nearly any one of the pre-Restoration stage-poets could have surpassed, and thinks it "the most poetical paragraph in the whole mass of English poetry!" Yet he is correct in saying, "The powers of Congreve seem to desert him when he leaves the stage, as Anteus was no longer strong than when he could touch the ground." His poems indeed "discover nothing but impotence and poverty."

Cowper was an admirer of Prior, and compliments his friend Lloyd for being

— his sole and single
Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle,

and, besides his relish for the poet's familiar and humorous verse, he admired his "*Solomon*"—an opinion that few modern readers will be disposed to endorse. Johnson had excited Cowper's indignation by asserting that "whatever Prior obtains above mediocrity seems the effort of struggle and toil":—

This [rejoins the poet], by your leave, most learned Doctor, is the most disingenuous remark I ever met with, and would have come with a better grace from Curl or Dennis. Every man conversant with verse-writing

* *The Lives of the most eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works.* By Samuel Johnson. Vol. II. Oxford and London: J. Henry & James Parker. 1864.

knows, and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is of all styles the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose without being prosaic—to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme—is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was Prior; many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen short of the original. And now to tell us, after we and our fathers have admired him for it so long, that he is an easy writer indeed, but that his ease has an air of stiffness in it—in short, that his ease is not ease, but only something like it—what is it but a self-contradiction, an observation that grants what it is just going to deny, and denies what it has just granted in the same sentence and in the same breath?

These contemporary criticisms on Johnson's *Lives* are still valuable as indications of what was once popular in poetry. Of the subjects of his biographies not three at most, although they may be edited, are read at the present moment. "Such as Chaucer was, shall Dryden be." The like oblivion in another half-century will engulf myriads of verses in which authors, publishers, and Britons generally, are now rejoicing for various reasons. The *Life of Hammond* was scarcely worth writing, and Johnson's observations on his poems are just. But it is remarkable that the biographer seems unaware that Hammond's *Elegies* are in many parts a free version of those of Tibullus. Hammond died in 1742, and shortly after his death his poems were published by Lord Chesterfield. The noble lord who enjoins his son to hold in utter contempt the Greek anthology may very probably not have been acquainted with the Roman elegiacist. Johnson, however, was well acquainted with Latin poets, classical and post-classical, and yet did not detect the obligation of the English to the Roman bard. He blames Hammond for veiling his mistresses under the names of Neera or Delia, but it never occurred to him that Tibullus celebrates both these ladies. One of the stanzas he cites puts the matter beyond all doubt. Hammond writes:—

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year
Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
And what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Tibullus wrote:—

Illic quas mittit dives Panchaia merces,
Eoque Arabes, pinguis et Assyria,
Et nostri memores lacrimæ fundantur eodem.

The superiority of Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets* will be understood by all who have patience to turn over such works as those of Gildon, Cibber, Langbaine, and others his precursors, or even the pages of Tiraboschi for the lives of Italian poets. In these we have a valley of dry bones; in those we have portraits, however slightly sketched, of living men. He took a profound interest in men's actions and motives; for him the writer was a more interesting study than the written words. Poverty for nearly fifty years had made Johnson acquainted with strange companions—had shown him literature undraped, hungering, thirsting, sleeping on the ashes of a glass-house, hiding by day from duns and bailiffs, and stealing forth at night or stepping forth on Sundays from the sanctuary of the Mint. He had seen near at hand the ills which he has summed up in one vigorous line:—

Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.

He had waited in ante-rooms when Colley Cibber was ushered into the presence of Chesterfield; he had wandered with Savage for whole nights in the streets, because between them they could not muster enough to pay for a bed. He had seen scores of his co-mates in misery sink while he breasted the flood bravely; and when he rose above the waters, he was, as he has told us in language which Horne Tooke could never read without tears, "known, solitary, and indifferent" to praise or patronage. The scars inflicted by early sorrows and struggles are visible in his remarks on men and books. He can find compassion and make allowance for the author who is wrestling for a name, but he betrays no enthusiasm for even the greatest works of genius. The biographical portion of these *Lives* is more satisfactory than the critical. From his judgments on poetry we are often compelled to dissent; with his opinions on the men themselves we seldom disagree, except when Johnson's own political prejudices, as in the case of Milton, or his personal dislikes, as in that of Gray, make it necessary to appeal to some better informed or less biassed tribunal. We are glad to have so convenient an edition of the most enduring of his numerous writings, for his *Lives of the Poets* and his own *Life* by Boswell are, after all, the books which keep green the memory of Samuel Johnson.

NEVER FORGOTTEN.*

IF jurymen and novelists may be accepted as fair representatives of popular opinion, the tide of public feeling must be supposed to be running with more than usual vehemence against inconstancy in love. In real life the severest lessons are perpetually being taught to fickle suitors by indignant juries, and in the world of fiction no criminals have of late been treated with greater austerity than perpetrators of a breach of promise of marriage. It is to be hoped that such teaching may have a good effect. Mr. Crosbie's fate has, no doubt, steadied many

a wavering mind, and the punishment inflicted upon Captain Fernor in Mr. Fitzgerald's present work is calculated to produce even a deeper impression. The story of *Never Forgotten* is that of an impulsive girl's infatuation for an utterly selfish man, who throws away her love almost as soon as it is won, and of the vengeance which is wreaked upon him by her inexorable relatives. There is a strong family likeness between it and Mr. Fitzgerald's previous novel, *Bella Donna*, but it is in many respects superior to that clever, though unequal, work. The inconstancy of a man's love, and the tenacity of a woman's hatred, are themes on which the author has in both instances delighted to dwell, but he has greatly improved in his treatment of them. In *Bella Donna*, he produced a remarkable but repulsive sketch; in *Never Forgotten*, he has elaborated a picture which has many merits, and in which the most prominent figure deserves very high praise.

The character of Captain Fernor is an original creation, and deserves to be studied. We have met with scores of heartless deceivers before, but they have generally been too dull or too demoniacal to awaken any real interest in their fortunes. Crosbie is an exception, and it is impossible to avoid thinking of him while reading the chapters which relate how Captain Fernor broke off his engagement; but Mr. Fitzgerald's hero bears no great resemblance to Mr. Trollope's, except in his conduct on that occasion. Crosbie is a commonplace man of society, a specimen of a class which is always kept in stock at the Clubs, who becomes remarkable merely because he sacrifices his liking for a very charming girl in favour of what he supposes to be his interest, and marries a woman he does not care for, under the impression that he is performing a duty to himself. While he is with Lily Dale, he is as sincerely in love with her as most men ever are; when he is absent from her, he reverts to a state of mind which has nothing abnormal about it. But Fernor's is an exceptional character. His figure stands out in prominent relief from the crowd of walking gentlemen of fiction, its clearly-defined outlines and its air of substantial reality strongly contrasting with their flimsy and evanescent shapes. His portrait has all the appearance of a study from life, but one painted by an artist capable of discerning more than ordinary eyes would see, and of delineating more than any but a delicate hand could express. And, accordingly, the picture is one which is well worthy of being carefully examined, and is certain not to be soon forgotten. Captain Fernor is a man whom only a polished society could produce, and who finds a congenial climate in none but a fashionable sphere. But although he is as enthusiastic in the cause of fashion as he can be in any but his own, he is not to be confounded with the mass of its simple-minded votaries. Though conceited and supercilious, he is far from being a fool; and though inordinately vain, his self reliance and strength of will generally prevent him from making himself ridiculous. Admiration is as necessary to him as the air he breathes, but he is not consumed by an indiscriminate craving for it. He has no virtues, and is no man's friend but his own; but, on the other hand, he has no scandalous vices. Although a soldier and a man of fashion, he cultivates intellectual sympathies and æsthetic tastes, and he prides himself upon his superiority in the realm of ideas over the lower natures which surround him. He possesses various accomplishments, and, having some skill in conversation, and a certain sense of the ludicrous where other persons are concerned, he invariably meets with success in society. This, indeed, is the object of his life. He values nothing in the world but the gratification of his own self-love, and he finds it almost entirely in the sensation which he creates in such circles as he considers not unworthy of his presence. He has very few sympathies in common with his fellow-creatures, whom he, for the most part, cordially despises; and he is interested in very few things for their own sakes. Caring for nobody but himself, he regards other people only in their relations to himself, and scarcely wastes a thought upon subjects in which he is not personally concerned. His eye is ever fixed on his own image, and he never loses his self-consciousness for a moment. Conversation with an agreeable and pretty woman is one of his greatest enjoyments, but only if he may be its theme. What he delights in is delivering a lecture on himself to an appreciative female audience. On such occasions "he took his mind, as it were, into his hand, and showed it round," enlarging with a pleasing confidence on his own merits and his own sorrows. He always carried about with him "a moral bit of crystal through which he viewed his own personal nature. It was a sort of polite and social Pantheism." He really fancied that his existence affected all things, and that everything that was said or done in his presence must have some necessary reference to him. In men's society this habit seldom leads to popularity, and he had also a delight in saying disagreeable things which did not render his presence especially desirable among his fellows, but the majority of women admired him immensely. His good looks, his polished manners, the gentle melancholy which softened his features and added a tender charm to his voice, seldom failed to win their good graces, while his conceit and heartlessness were qualities of which they never suspected him.

Such is the man who, partly from pique, partly from gratified vanity, partly from the sort of admiration a collector feels for a picture or a vase, steals away the heart of Violet Manuel from a worthier suitor, the honest, faithful, but somewhat dull-brained John Hanbury. She is all softness, and tenderness, and love—a gentle creature adored by her relations,

* *Never Forgotten*. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., Author of "The Life of Sterne," "Bella Donna," &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

who conspire to stand between her and unhappiness or adversity. They feel that she needs the sunlight of life, for she is slight and frail, and they are conscious that any great sorrow would crush her sensitive nature. Her lover absolutely worships her, and his strong manly character is one just fitted to give support to hers. He is all but engaged to her, and everything promises well for the future, till Fermor comes and amuses himself by captivating her. It pleases his vanity to see Hanbury eclipsed by his superior attractions; it gratifies his self-love to find in Violet a most enthusiastic admirer; and at last he proposes to her, almost without knowing what he is doing. Of course he is gratefully accepted, poor John Hanbury being thrown over without remorse; and for a while he is pleased and happy, for he appreciates his position as victor, and is proud of his future bride's beauty and grace. But after a short period of exaltation, during which he indulges in glowing dreams of the sensation she will create in society, and of the importance which will accrue to him on that account, there comes a reaction. Then a conspiracy is organized against the match by his relations, and they direct a series of attacks against his vanity and self-love which he can but ill resist. His mother, Lady Laura, aided by her influential cousin Sir Hopkins Pocock, and a Major Carter, are perpetually pointing out to him that he is throwing himself away for a girl who has neither money nor birth, whose manners are wanting in that reserve which marks the caste of Vere de Vere, and whose relatives have evidently entrapped him into a proposal. At the same time he is thrown in the way of a Miss Carlay, who possesses some of the advantages which Violet lacks, especially in a pecuniary sense, and who soon allows Fermor to see that he has established himself in her affections. A short struggle ensues in his mind, but it ends in his breaking off his engagement with Violet. The shock proves too great for her, and she fades away and dies. At this point the first part of the story ends, concluding with the words uttered after Violet's funeral by her sister Pauline, in reply to her brother's remark that they had to live for others now:—"Yes; we have something else to live for, too. If I had not that to think of, I should die. *There is a murderer to bring to justice.*"

While Violet lay dying, Fermor was crossing the Mediterranean, on his way out to India, where he had been promised a lucrative appointment in return for his deference to the wishes of his family. "The little romance he had passed through came back on him with a gentle pain, not wholly unpleasant." For it never occurred to him that he had done anything to be ashamed of. He is represented as so thoroughly egotistical that he never recognised that he had done wrong unless he had injured himself. He regarded all things through the "moral bit of crystal" which had become tinged by his own personality, and he was incapable of judging of actions which concerned him except by their effect on his own comfort. He easily persuaded himself that he had been in the right throughout, and that the Manuel family had acted very ill towards him. Men of his stamp are rarely conscious of their faults—if, indeed, wrongdoers of a respectable position in society are ever alive to a sense of their own misconduct. There may once have been a time when vice was fully aware of the hideousness of its mien, and of the hypocritical nature of the homage it paid to virtue. In those days evil may always have been intentionally committed, and crime may have suggested itself only to self-conscious sinners. But now-a-days it is seldom that those who injure their neighbours have any idea that they are doing wrong. It is the well-meaning people who generally do most mischief, good intentions too often tending in this world to results worthy of that in which they are proverbially destined to be trodden under foot. Mr. Fitzgerald has illustrated these truths with great effect. In the first part of the story, we see Fermor scattering misfortune around him without having an idea of the harm he is doing. In the second part, we are shown how Pauline Manuel, in her desire to punish him for Violet's death, his share in which is the "never forgotten" subject of her indignation, becomes hard and unwomanly, and cruel, wastes her life in the pursuit of an idea, and is made aware only when it is too late of the inexcusable nature of her conduct.

This second part is by no means equal to the first. Some of its chapters are as brilliant and clever as any that have preceded them, and the delineation of Fermor's character is carried on with undiminished skill; but a melodramatic element makes itself perceptible as the story goes on, and becomes unpleasantly prominent towards the end. Two years are supposed to have elapsed since Violet's death, and Fermor has not seen any of the Manuel family till one day when he meets them in Paris, where he has gone with his bride, the Miss Carlay of former years. Pauline has become "more dazzling, more splendid, more womanly," and she has inherited money which enables her to live as she pleases, and gratify her tastes and fancies. She is a woman who would enjoy life rather than one who would find it a burden, and who would tolerate existence only in order to carry out an idea. It is true that she is of Spanish descent, but, even if allowance is made for this fact, she remains improbable and unnatural—a figure belonging less to real life than to the stage. Brilliant and fascinating as she is, her whole attention is given to working out the punishment of Fermor, and of those who induced him to take the step which led to Violet's death. For this purpose she enters into a labyrinth of intrigues which result in her success. She ruins Sir Hopkins Pocock's career as a

diplomatist, she brings about the detection of a crime committed by Major Carter, and she thwarts Lady Laura Fermor in her chase after sons-in-law, and actually hurries that poor lady into a premature grave. She fascinates Fermor, makes him quarrel with his wife, and lets loose a most dangerous Mr. Romaine against that lady. The skill with which her plans are managed and described is as great as that with which Jenny Bell's doublings were traced in *Bella Donna*; but the same air of improbability which hung about that lady's devices attends Pauline's stratagems. It is difficult to believe in the reality of the plot to which she has devoted herself, and our interest in its result is far less lively than that which Violet's fortunes aroused. In the early part of the book we seem to be breathing the open air, and moving among people who are what they represent themselves to be; towards the end the atmosphere has grown heavy, and we feel that we are gazing on a stage, and, amidst counterfeit scenery and by means of artificial light, watching the expression of fictitious feelings and following the course of imaginary events. Finally the story collapses with unreasonable abruptness, and one of the actors in it, Mr. Romaine, is swallowed up in the void with unartistic rapidity. It is, however, a relief to be rid of him, for he is an objectionable excrescence. He is far too admirable a Crichton to be believed in, and is more like the heroes of French romance than the dwellers in Piccadilly and Belgravia among whom he figures. Major Carter also is rather an unreal being; but the minor characters whom Mr. Fitzgerald has introduced into his story are for the most part thoroughly lifelike. "Little Brett," Fermor's faithful friend and admirer, is a capital sketch. Hanbury forms another, and so does Sir Hopkins Pocock. Lady Laura, too, is excellent, and there is grim humour about the description of her last struggle in her daughter's cause, and her death "at her post, and in her old uniform." Indeed, the story is full of humour, and there is real pathos in it also. The descriptive passages are very cleverly written—we may give as an instance the chapter headed "Lord Puttenham's 'Little Music'"—and the dialogue is crisp and sparkling. From the author of a book which possesses so many merits we may fairly expect much, but we shall be well contented if his next work is as good as the first part of *Never Forgotten*.

SAXON LEECHDOMS.—VOL. II.*

THE second volume of *Saxon Leechdoms* leaves us much as the first did, with a vivid impression of the industry and scholarship of its editor, and a general notion that those qualities have been exercised under less favourable conditions than they deserve. Mr. Cockayne's free agency appears, in point of fact, to have begun and ended with the bare selection of the MSS. which have formed the basis of his labours, since, as their translator, he has been compelled to renounce further jurisdiction over their contents, and with it the power of availing himself of any one portion to the exclusion of another. Under the terms of his commission, derived from the Treasury Minute of 1857, it only remained for him to present his text in its integrity, "each chronicle or document being treated as an editio princeps." The rule is probably an excellent one in most cases, but, like every rule which admits of no exception, it is liable to miscarry under exceptional circumstances. It is difficult to acquiesce in the propriety of its strict enforcement where, as in the present instance, the text of the original author has suffered much from adulteration with foreign matter. The result may be summed up in the fact that the volume before us only half fulfils the professions of its title-page. As in the case of its predecessor, we have nominally a collection of Saxon Leechdoms, but, in reality, by the editor's admission, we have what is in great part a mere transcript from authors of the Greek school of medicine; and it is, we confess, with renewed regret that we find Mr. Cockayne's vocation to have been simply that of recasting the alloy, instead of extracting the sterling metal for which we bargained. To this is superadded the further drawback that the editor has been unable to comply with the condition imposed upon him of giving a brief account of the life and times of his author, for the sufficient reason that the authorship and date of his MSS. are only matters of conjecture. Hence he has fallen back upon "Saxon times" generally, with a sacrifice of perspective perhaps inevitable in the treatment of a large subject under very limited conditions, but objectionable as tending to countenance the popular belief that "all Saxons lived at the same time," and to ignore the space of six centuries which separates Hengist from William the Norman. This introductory treatise on the manners and domestic economy of the Anglo-Saxons is, in fact, little more than a series of extracts from the writer's commonplace-book, not very systematically arranged, but valuable as relating to subjects on which there are few better living authorities than Mr. Cockayne himself. With so strong a claim on the reader's attention, he nevertheless contrives to weary it by the obscure and grotesque style which he adopts as the medium for conveying his extensive knowledge. This, while it mars the attractiveness of the preface, amounts to a more serious evil in the translation, where we are occasionally tripped up by idiomatic expressions

* *Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England*. Collected and Edited by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. Cantab. Vol. II. London: Longman & Co. 1865.

and words which are simply unintelligible, when plain English would apparently have answered every purpose. Thus, at p. 122, we find "sweltath and forweorthath" phrased as "die and go to the dogs"—the meaning of the latter of the two verbs being simply to perish; and, again, we have such strange verbal equivalents as "hnestian" "to nesh," "gerde" "a yerd," "hrectath" "has hreakings." All this we are disposed to attribute to simple want of tact, as Mr. Cockayne is by no means disposed to overrate the intellectual average of those for whom he writes. On the threshold of his preface he tells us:—

The Saxons have not been more fortunate than others in their appreciation by self-satisfied moderns. They have been and still are, I believe, commonly regarded as mangy dogs [sic] whose success against the Celtic race in this country was owing chiefly to their starved condition and ravening hunger. The children protest that, positively, as they know from their most reliable handbooks, these roving savages stuffed their bellies with acorns, and the enlightened literati and dilettanti begrudged them any feeling of respect for their queens and ladies, or any arts such as befit our "Albion's glorious isle" under an English king. The work, now published for the first time, and from a unique manuscript, will, if duly studied, afford a large store of information to a very different effect, &c. &c.

The bill of fare with which Mr. Cockayne proceeds to furnish us proves at any rate that an Anglo-Saxon *menu* was composed of better materials than acorns. Its contents, and they are severally guaranteed by reference to authority, are such as fully to justify his dwelling on them with an enthusiasm which, however pardonable, is perhaps carried to an extreme in his translation of "osterhlafas" as oyster-patties. Dr. Bosworth, in reference to the passage in which this word occurs, translates it "Easter loaf," "unleavened bread"—an interpretation which, if less tinged with the romance of cookery, perhaps commends itself as the simpler and more probable of the two. Judging from the seven different kinds of ale which we find enumerated, the cellar was not unworthy of the larder—though, as "strong," "clear," and "foreign" ales are quoted as distinct varieties, it is hardly certain that the same beverage may not figure under the *alias* of different adjectives. The assertion that some, if not all, of these beers were hopped is a startling one. The statement of "the writer of the Herbarium"—"that men mix hymele with their ordinary drinks"—referred to by Mr. Cockayne in his Glossary, is by no means conclusive in its favour, since, whether "the writer" implies Apuleius or his translator, the fact is that he identifies the hymele, not with the hop, but the bryony. Mr. Cockayne gets over this difficulty by attributing it to a mistake in the writer's Greek; but, taking his own derivation of hymele—"ymbe," "μυβη," "the coiler"—the characteristic to which it points is one shared by many plants, and thus the word in question is rendered by Dr. Bosworth as convolvulus, bryony, bindweed. Mr. Cockayne, however, would fain persuade us that Hymeltun in Worcestershire signified the land of the garden hop; and he certainly deserves credit for the ingenuity with which he meets the popular notion of the later importation of the plant, in the suggestion that, "as land or sea carriage of pockets of hops from Worcestershire to London or the southern ports was difficult, the hop was long confined to that its natural soil, while the Kentish hop may be an importation from Germany."

We find some valuable memoranda on Saxon horticulture and farming derived from Pliny, Varro, and Columella, on which we cannot stop to dwell. The use of the foliage of trees as fodder for cattle seems to have supplied the deficiency of hay consequent upon the large extent of common land, while the latter circumstance raised cattle-stealing to such a pitch that the onus of proving lawful ownership rested, as a matter of simple necessity, with the possessor of the beast, who was bound to furnish witnesses to the *bona fide* nature of the bargain under which he acquired it. The connexion between "pecus" and "pecunia" has possibly furnished an *apropos* to a digression on the subject of coinage, in which Mr. Cockayne adduces evidence to show that the mancus was not merely money of account, but actual coin—apparently, however, with some misgivings as to the genuineness of the document on which he bases his assertion, since he adds that, "if a forgery, we have Saxon authority for the coinage of gold mancusas, and at home." Here he appears to be directly at variance with Ducange, who notices the somewhat fanciful derivation—mancus "quasi manu cusa"—only to upset the implied notion with the remark that "procul abest a vero, cum constet Mancusam non fuisse monetam percussam sed certum monetarum aliquot pondus." This view he corroborates by a passage from a MS. of the year 848:—"Et pro hac donatione predictus clericus dedit eidem regi centum mancasas in duabus armillis, et nota quod mancus est pondus duorum solidorum 6 denar." As we learn from Spelman that the mancus was in fact equivalent to the mark, it is not too much to suppose that some confusion may have arisen between what was in the one case an ideal measure of value, like the shekel and talent, and, in the other, an actual coin.

The character of their text refers the MSS. of the Leechdoms to the middle of the tenth century, and the editor conjectures that they once belonged to the Abbey of Glastonbury. It seems, at any rate, though the fact does not amount to much as circumstantial evidence, that a catalogue of the Abbey library cited by Wanley contains the entry "Medicinalia Anglicana," and that this title is faintly traceable on the flyleaf of the volume containing the MSS., which was rebound in 1757. The original owner is indicated by the following doggrel inscription:—

Bald habet hunc librum, Cild quem conscribere jussit.

Here, assuming "conscribere" to be used in a classical sense, which is more than doubtful, the presumption would arise that Cild was the author. It is, however, by no means improbable that the person in question may, as suggested by Mr. Cockayne, have filled the relative positions of Leech and amanuensis. The MS. furnishes some valuable hints on Anglo-Saxon pronunciation by doubling the vowel where the syllable is long—"god" being thus written "good," and "dom" "doom." The reader will remark, as one of its peculiarities, the parasitical cypher on its margin—a specimen of which is given in the present volume. This is partly explained as a secret memorandum of reference to the original author from whom the passage may have been translated, but the data are insufficient to furnish a clue to the remainder, which presents a more elaborate form of cryptography—an art, as it would seem, much cultivated by Anglo-Saxon scribes. A favourite system, as Mr. Cockayne tells us, was that of arranging the letters of the alphabet in groups, the cypher itself being composed of a certain number of dots and strokes; the former indicating the group to which the particular letter belonged, the latter, its numerical position in the group. A still simpler method consisted in the adoption of the letter preceding or following the one actually signified—a plan sufficiently familiar to those who have attempted the solution of the mysteries of the second column of the *Times*.

The collection of recipes, charms, and spells presented by the contents of the Leech-books is a very miscellaneous one. Of the first two books, at least a fourth is, by the editor's admission, derived from Greek authorities. Besides this, we find elements due to a Gaelic source, and others traceable to the Sagas. In one case we have a recipe professedly communicated by Helias patriarch of Jerusalem to King Alfred—a statement in some degree corroborated by the fact that the two were actually contemporaries, and that the drugs prescribed indicate an Eastern origin. Others purport to be due to Oxa and Dun, who were presumably native medical practitioners. The result is, as may be inferred, a hybrid one, and speaks little for the originality of the Anglo-Saxon school of medicine. The only apparent trace of systematic arrangement occurs in the first book, where the writer commences with diseases of the head, and travels downwards to those affecting the lower extremities. The second deals with internal disorders, and gives a rude diagnosis and treatment of affections of the stomach, liver, and intestines, especially those of the milt or spleen, an organ of prominent importance in Anglo-Saxon pathology. The stress which is laid on attention to the diet and constitution of the patient is curiously at variance with a pharmacopoeia suggestive of the contents of a witch's cauldron. But the writer is no mere empiric who reminds us "that a mickle difference is there in the bodies of a man, a woman, and a child, and in the main (or constitution) of a daily wight (or labourer) and of the idler, of the old and young, of him who is accustomed to endurance and of him who is unaccustomed to such things." The subtle connexion between the brain and stomach is also fully recognised:—"The maw is near the heart and spine, and in communication with the brain, from which diseases come most violently." It must, however, be confessed that the surgical practice in vogue appears to be of the most elementary kind, judging from the following sample:—"If a man's headpan (skull) be ironbound, lay the man with face upward, drive two stakes into the ground at the armpits, then lay a plank across over his feet, then strike on it thrice with a sledge-beetle, the skull will come right soon." We find, however, allusions made to an operation for harelip, and general hints to the amputator, who is enjoined "not to carve on the limit of the healthy body, but on the whole and quick." The vapour bath, too, is prescribed in more than one instance; and the practitioner appears to have been familiar with the cupping-horn and other simple instruments of the kind. The Leechdoms may be roughly classed under three heads—first, remedies of a specific character, as sulphur in the treatment of leprosy; secondly, those whose healing properties were largely supplemented by the patient's faith in the conditions under which they were administered, as potions from church bells and consecrated vessels; and lastly, spells "pur et simple" strongly resembling the incantations still in vogue among the Angekos, or medicine men of the Esquimaux. These are generally very elaborate and too long for quotation; but here is a simple countercharm, directed, not, as would at first sight appear to be the case, against the evils of gossip and scandal, but against the muttered incantations of the reputed sorceress:—"Against a woman's chatter, taste at night fasting a root of radish—that day the chatter cannot harm thee." The absence of any allusion to relics, or to cures worked by them, is perhaps noticeable in the face of a wide-spread belief in supernatural agencies both of a destructive and remedial character—the more so, perhaps, as the third book of *Leechdoms* is, as Mr. Cockayne infers, of a monkish origin.

Thanks to the admirable glossary appended to this work, its merits as a book of reference are unquestionable. It is impossible to overrate the painstaking industry of a writer who has collated the most important printed texts of the Saxon works bearing on his subject "from beginning to end, letter by letter with their original manuscripts." There are diversities of gifts. Mr. Cockayne, if deficient in some of the minor qualifications of authorship, possesses rare and sterling acquirements which especially fit him for such a task as that of writing a dictionary of

the Anglo-Saxon language, in which he is so accomplished a scholar. There is plenty of room for the work. Is it too much to hope that he will some day take the hint, and devote his energies to an undertaking which with him would evidently be a labour of love?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—By general desire, BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY will be repeated this Day. Such Arrangements will be made as will accommodate a large Number of Visitors who were unable to get within the Concert-Room on Saturday last. Principal Vocalists: Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, with enlarged Band and Chorus. Commence at Three. Admission Free from 4 to Half-past Four. A few Reserved Seats, 5s. 6d. each, on Sale at the Palace. The New Guinea Season Ticket will admit this Day, April 29, 1865.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE NEW SEASON PROGRAMME presents Unparalleled Attractions even for the Crystal Palace. The Season Ticket, at the uniform Guinea rate, should be had by every one. Nowhere such combined attractions. It will admit this Day (Saturday) to the Great Concert of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. On Monday, Mendelssohn's Benefit. Come early. On Saturday, the First of the Ten Opera Concerts.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL FULL REHEARSAL,

Friday, June 23.
Five-shilling Stall Tickets.
Five-shilling Admission Tickets.
Immediate application requisite. After the issue of the first few Thousands, the price of the latter will be 7s. 6d. On the day, by payment, 10s. 6d. At the Crystal Palace, and at 2 Exeter Hall.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, May 1, the Programme will include Mozart's Quartet in D minor, for Stringed Instruments; Beethoven's Trio in E flat, Op. 70, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata in E minor, Op. 10, for Pianoforte alone, &c. Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor, Mr. Bennett. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—MORNING PERFORMANCES on Saturdays, May 13 and 27, to commence at Three and finish at Five.—On Saturday, May 13, the Programme will include Beethoven's celebrated Quintet in C, for Stringed Instruments; Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, for Pianoforte alone; Mozart's Quartet in G minor, for Piano and Stringed Instruments. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Mr. Bennett. Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 15, Rathbone Place; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION.—SECOND MATINEE, Tuesday, May 9.—Joseph, Piatti, and Hallé will play Beethoven's Grand Trio in D, Op. 70, and a Selection from Schubert, Mendelssohn, and of Pianoforte Solos from various Composers.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT BRITAIN (Instituted in 1789; Incorporated by Royal Charter 1796), for the Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans. Patroness, Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN. The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of Handel's MESSIAH will take place at St. James's Hall, on Friday Evening, May 5. Principal Vocalists: Miss Louise Pyne, Miss Eliza Hughes, Madame Berger Lascelles, Madame Panton-Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings; Mr. J. C. Thomas, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Welles. Principal Violin, Mr. J. T. Wilby; Trumpet Obligato, Mr. T. Harper; Organist, Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.—Stall, Area or Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area and Gallery, 2s.; at the principal Music-sellers, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. THIRD CONCERT, Monday Evening, May 1, at Eight o'clock. MS. Symphony by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Mendelssohn's Overture to Ruy Blas; Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor. Pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé. Vocalists, Mdlle. Sinico and Mdlle. Edenaga. CAMPBELL CLARKE, Secretary, 24 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilson.—Every Evening, A WINNING HAZARD. Messrs. F. Dewar, Sydney, Bancroft, James Hastings and Goodall. After which, L.A. SONS AMBULANCE. The Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy. Messrs. J. Clarke, H. Cox, F. Dewar, Messrs. Fanny Joseph and Marie Wilson, &c. To conclude with VANDYKE BROWN; Mr. J. Clarke.—On Saturday, May 6, a new and Original Drama, in Two Acts.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open Daily from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Sec.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 PALL MALL.—The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

HYDE-PARK in 1864. By HENRY BARRAUD, Esq. Containing 200 Portraits of the Frequenters of Rotten Row. NOW ON VIEW, at 250 Regent Street (opposite Hanover Street). Open from Ten till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.

WORK, and FIFTY other PAINTINGS, by FORD MADOX BROWN, Exhibiting Daily at 191 Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.; Annotated Catalogue, 6d. From Nine till Dusk.

REMOVAL.—The Large Picture, A DRAWING-ROOM at ST. JAMES'S PALACE in the REIGN of QUEEN VICTORIA, painted by JAMES BARRETT, will be on View at Mr. HOGARTH'S, 5 Haymarket, on and after Monday, May 1.—Admission, 1s. Invitation Cards issued before the Picture's Removal are available. Hours from Eleven till Six.

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865. Under the Special Patronage of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN. The Exhibition will be OPENED on Tuesday, May 9, by His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

The State Ceremonial to be observed on this occasion will include a Grand Musical Performance with a Band and Chorus of a Thousand Performers. On the Opening Day Season Ticket Holders only can be admitted. Season Tickets on Sale at the Office, 113 Grafton Street, Dublin.

Lady's or Gentleman's Ticket.....25 0
Child's, under 12 Years.....1 0
April 10, 1865. HENRY PARKINSON, Comptroller.
Arrangements for Return and Excursion Tickets on all the Railways to the Exhibition, at Reduced Rates, are in progress.

INTERNATIONAL REFORMATORY EXHIBITION OF THE PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, Reformatories, Refuges, &c., at Home and Abroad.

The EXHIBITION will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and will be open to the Public for one week, from Friday, May 19, to Thursday, May 25.

The Institutions of the following Countries will take part in the Exhibition:—

England.	Egypt.	Prussia.
Scotland.	France.	Saxony.
Ireland.	Hanover.	Switzerland.
Austria.	Italy.	United States.
Batavia.	Malta.	Wurtemberg.
Belgium.	Netherlands.	&c. &c.
Canada.	Portugal.	

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE OF WALES will Open the INTERNATIONAL REFORMATORY EXHIBITION at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, at a PUBLIC CEREMONIAL, on Friday, May 19, at Three o'clock.

Tickets, 2s. each; Numbered Stalls (with right of Admission to the Exhibition throughout the week), 10s. 6d. May be had at the usual Agents at the Hall; and at the Office, 20 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Seventy-sixth ANNUAL DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, on Wednesday, May 10.

His Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP of YORK in the Chair.

Stewards.

W. H. Ashurst, Esq.	Frederick Locker, Esq.
John Bailey, Esq., Q.C.	Alexander Michie, Esq.
Rev. Edward Balston, M.A.	Charles Edward Audie, Esq.
Rev. E. W. Benson, M.A.	Frederick Curry, Esq., F.R.S.
Henry G. Bohn, Esq.	J. Bertrand Payne, Esq.
Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.	Rev. Professor E. H. Plumptre, M.A.
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle.	Thomas Henry Allen Foydner, Esq., M.A.
George Chester, Esq.	William H. Ridgway, Esq.
Ven. Archdeacon Churton.	Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon.
James Clay, Esq., M.P.	Robert P. Russell, Esq., Q.C., M.A.
Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A.	George Gilbert Scott, Esq., R.A.
Rev. George Currey, D.D.	Benjamin Scott, Esq., F.R.S., Chamberlain of London.
Dr. Daubeny, F.R.S.	Right Hon. the Earl of Sheffield.
Rev. James Davies, M.A., of Moor Court.	Rev. Canon Shirley, D.D.
Rev. Alex. J. D'Orey, B.D.	Dr. William Smith, LL.D.
Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D.	Samuel Spalding, Esq., M.P.
George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S.	J. Joseph Somers, Esq., M.P.
Otto Goldschmidt, Esq.	Right Hon. Lord Viscount Strangford.
George J. Gochen, Esq., M.P.	Rev. Edward Thring, M.A.
Ven. Lord Arthur Hervey.	Rev. Joseph Francis Thropp, M.A.
Rev. Hubert Arthur Holden, LL.D.	John Tildred, Esq., Junr.
Rev. Professor Jacobson, D.D.	F. Wyatt Tyngott, Esq.
Rev. W. de la Jonckheere, Esq.	M. Arminius Vambury.
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Killaloe.	J. Procter Brown-Westhead, Esq., M.P.
Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne.	Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York.
Chomley Austen Leach, Esq.	
Rev. David Livingstone, M.D., D.C.L.	

Tickets, 21s. each, may be obtained from the Stewards, and from the Secretary, at the Chambers of the Corporation, 4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, For the RELIEF of DECAYED ARTISTS, their WIDOWS and ORPHANS.

Under the Immediate Protection of Her Most Excellent Majesty the QUEEN.

President.—Sir CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, F.R.A.

The FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Institution will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, May 6.

Dinner on the Table at Six o'clock precisely. Tickets, including Wine, 21s. each, to be had of the Stewards, at Freemasons' Tavern; and of F. F. MAYNARD, Esq., Assistant-Secretary, 24 Old Bond Street, W.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY for the PUBLICATION of EARLY HISTORICAL and LITERARY REMAINS.

President.—The Most Hon. the MARQUIS of CAMDEN, K.G.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at 25 Parliament Street, Westminster, on Tuesday, May 4, at WILLIAM T. THOMAS, Secretary.

The following Books have lately been issued to the Members:—

1. THE CAMDEN MISCELLANY, Vol. V., containing:—1. Five Letters of King Charles II., communicated by the Marquis of Bristol. 2. Letter relating to the Proceedings of Sir Edward Coke at Oaklands, and Documents relating to Sir Walter Raleigh's last Voyage. 3. A Catalogue of Early English Miscellany. 4. Letters selected from the Collection of Autographs in the possession of William Title, Esq., M.P. 5. Sir Francis Drake's Memorial Service in 1587, by Robert Leng. 6. Inquiry into the genuineness of a Letter signed "Mary Magdalene" &c.

II. LETTERS of Sir ROBERT CECIL to Sir GEORGE CAREW. Edited by JOHN MACLEAN, Esq., F.R.S.

III. PROMPTORIUM PARVULORUM. Edited by ALBERT WAT, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.

Part III., which will complete the Work, is nearly ready for publication.

The Subscription to the CAMDEN SOCIETY is at per annum, payable in advance on May 1, in each year. No Books are delivered until the Subscription for the Year has been paid.

Applications for Prospectuses, or from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members, may be addressed to the Secretary, or to Messrs. NICOLSON, 25 Parliament Street, S.W., to whom all Subscriptions are to be paid.

All Communications on the subject of Subscriptions to be addressed to JOHN GORDON NICOLSON, Esq., as above, and all Post Office Orders for the payment of the same to be made payable at the Post Office, Parliament Street, S.W.

DR. TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of THIRTY LECTURES on MAGNETISM, ELECTRICITY, SOUND, LIGHT, and HEAT, on Monday, May 1, at Two o'clock, at the Royal School of Mines, Jernyn Street; to be continued on every week-day but Saturday, at the same hour. Fee for the Course, 2s.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

KILBURN COLLEGE, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, London, N.W. Principal.—Mr. GEORGE OGG, University of London, formerly Instructor of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In this Establishment PUPILS receive a first-class Education:—Classical, Mathematical, and General; and are prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Public Schools. Every attention is paid to health and comfort. The situation is elevated. The School-rooms, Dining-room, Lavatory, Gymnasium, and Dormitories lofty and spacious. The Midsummer Term commenced April 24.—Prospectus on application to the PRINCIPAL.

KING EDWARD the SIXTH'S FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Birmingham.—The Governors of this School are about to Appoint a SECOND MASTER, whose duty will be to superintend the English School, under the general direction of the Head-Master, the Rev. CHARLES EVANS, M.A.

The Second Master must have taken at least the Degree of Master of Arts of the University of Oxford or Cambridge, and must be a Member of the Established Church of England, and in Holy Orders.

A preference will be given, *ceteris paribus*, to Gentlemen of Mathematical and Scientific attainments.

The Second Master will have a fixed Salary of £200 per annum, and an allowance of £150 per annum for House Rent and Taxes, and the privilege of taking Twelve Boarders, on terms to be fixed by himself.

There are Ten Exhibitions of £50 a year, tenable at any College in Oxford or Cambridge, which are open in certain cases to Boarders.

It is requested that Gentlemen will refrain from making personal application to the Governors or Head-Master.

Candidates for the Office are requested to transmit their application and testimonials, with twenty printed copies, before the 15th day of May next, to J. W. WHATELEY, Esq., Watnool Street, Birmingham, the Secretary, from whom further information may be obtained.

April 19, 1865. J. W. WHATELEY, Secretary.

THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—Candidates intending to present themselves at the open COMPETITION commencing on June 2 are reminded that Certificates of both Health and Character should be sent to the Office of the Civil Service Commissioners on or before May 1.

CIVIL SERVICE of INDIA.—In June next there will be FOUR NON-RESIDENT VACANCIES for the Open Competition of 1865 in a Class of Six Pupils only, under the direction of a Staff of Professors selected from the leading L.G.S. Colleges. Special Preparation adequate to Private Tuition may be thereby guaranteed.—OFFICE, 51 Pall Mall, S.W.

INDIAN CIVIL, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, &c.—Successes Guaranteed.—A Clergyman has a VACANCY. No Pupil has yet failed to pass.—Address, PRIVATE TUTOR, care of Mr. Macintosh, 21 Paternoster Row, London.